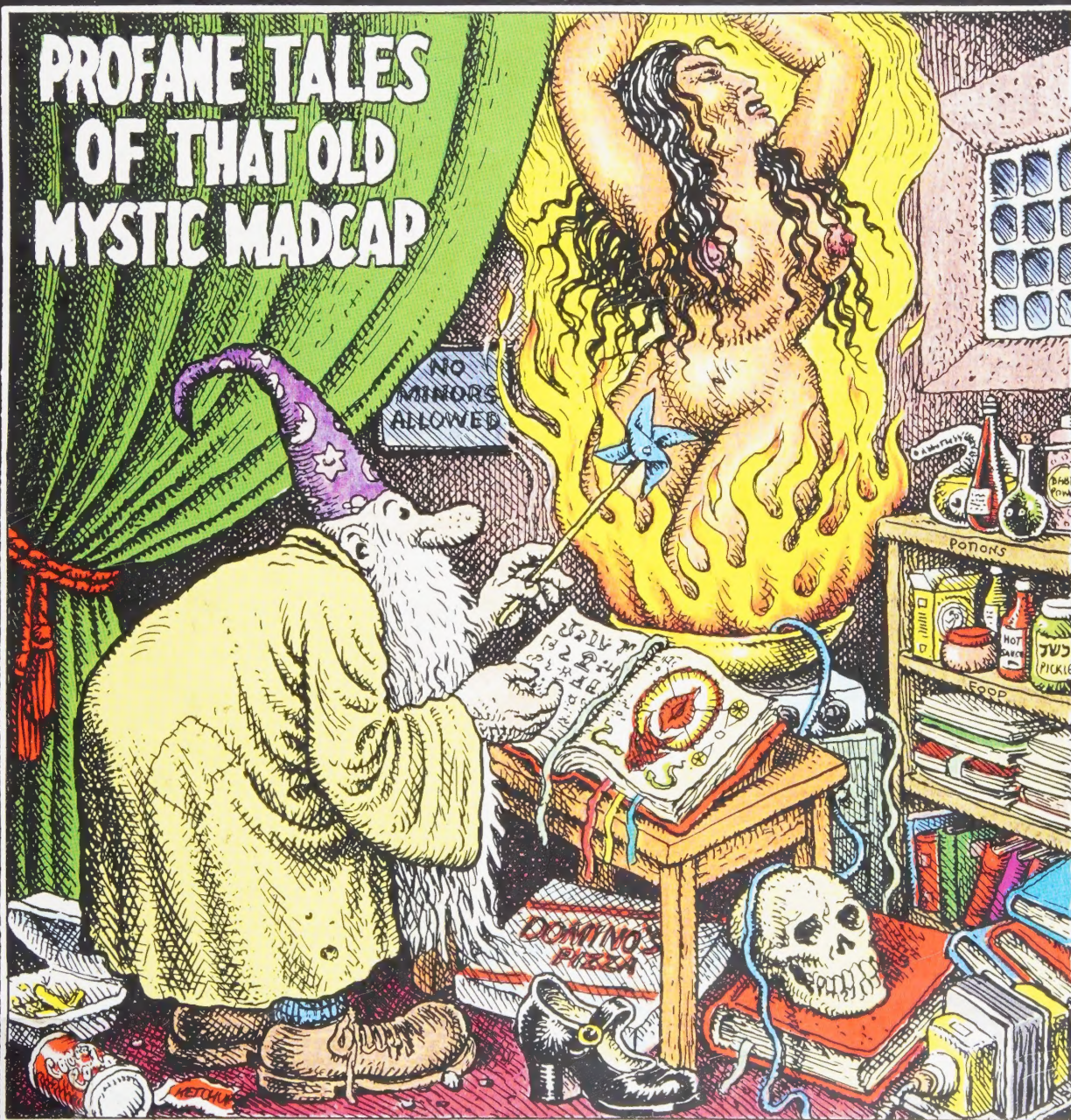


THE BOOK OF

Mr. Natural

PROFANE TALES
OF THAT OLD
MYSTIC MADCAP



by R. CRUMB





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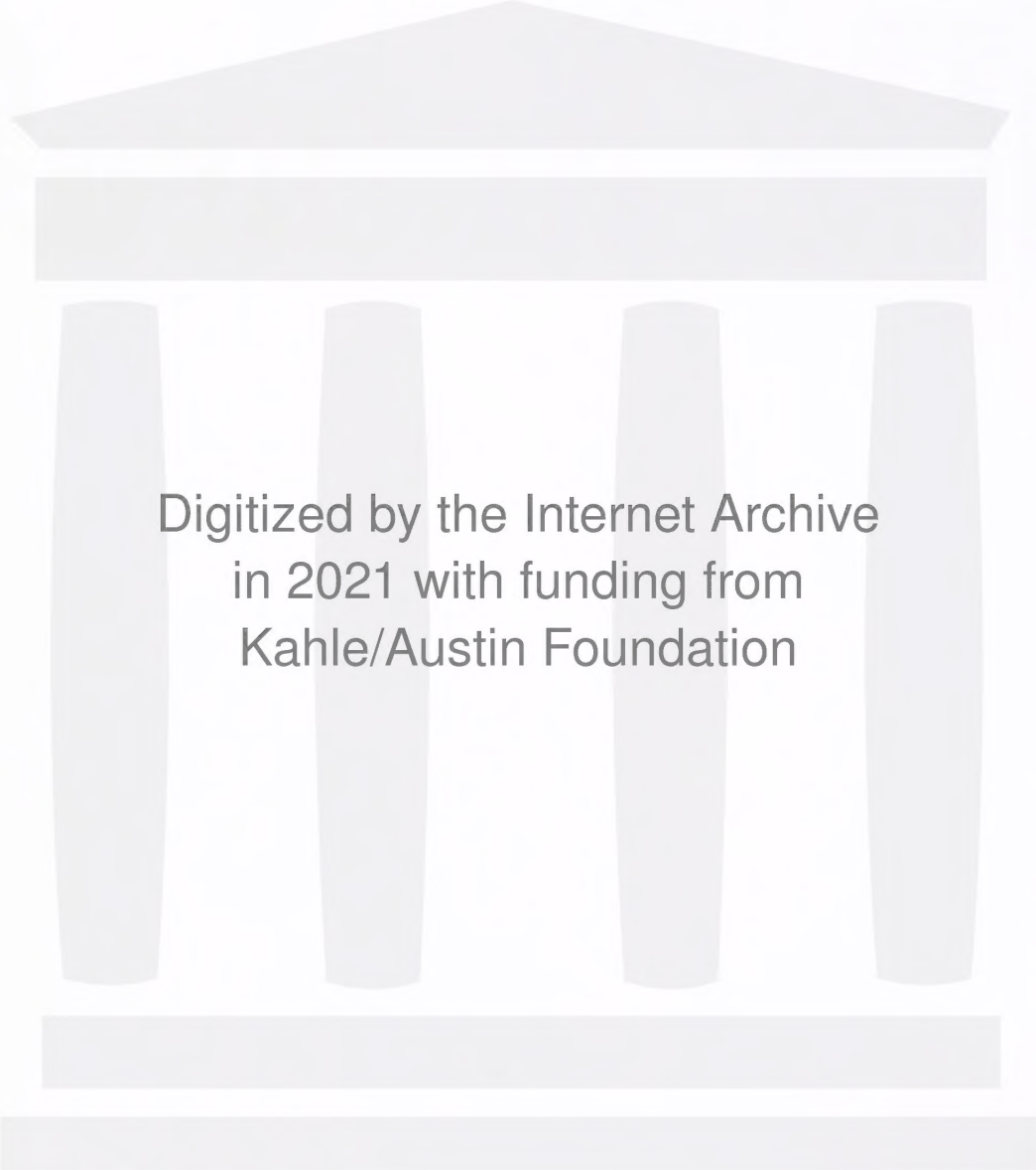


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THE BOOK OF

Mr. Natural



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THE BOOK OF

Mr. Natural



BY R. CRUMB

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS
7563 Lake City Way NE
Seattle WA 98115

Edited by MARK THOMPSON
Production by PAUL BARESH and ALEXA KOENINGS
Front cover coloring by ROBERT CRUMB
Back cover coloring by MARY WOODRING
Special thanks to RON TURNER
ERIC REYNOLDS, Associate Publisher
GARY GROTH and KIM THOMPSON, publishers

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7563 Lake City Way NE, Seattle, WA 98115.

Distributed in the U.S. by W.W. Norton and Company, Inc. (212-354-5500)
Distributed in Canada by Canadian Manda Group (416-516-0911)

First paperback edition: September, 1995
First hardcover edition: April, 2010

ISBN: 978-1-60699-352-1

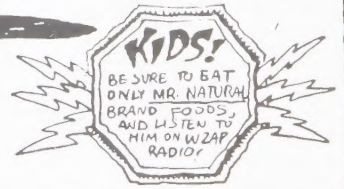
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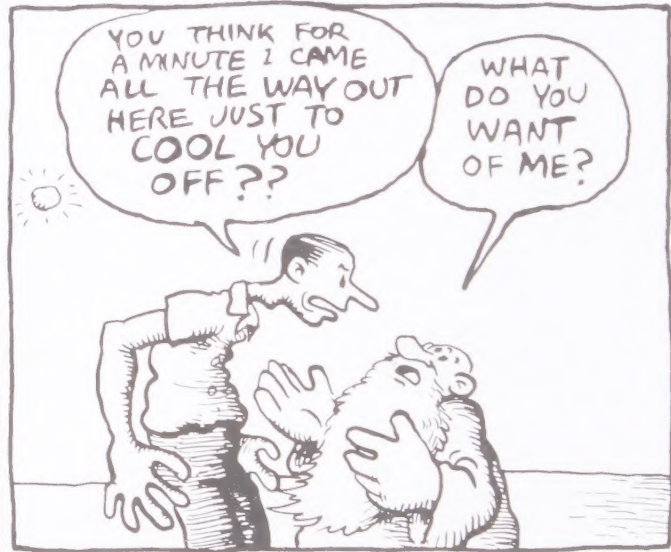
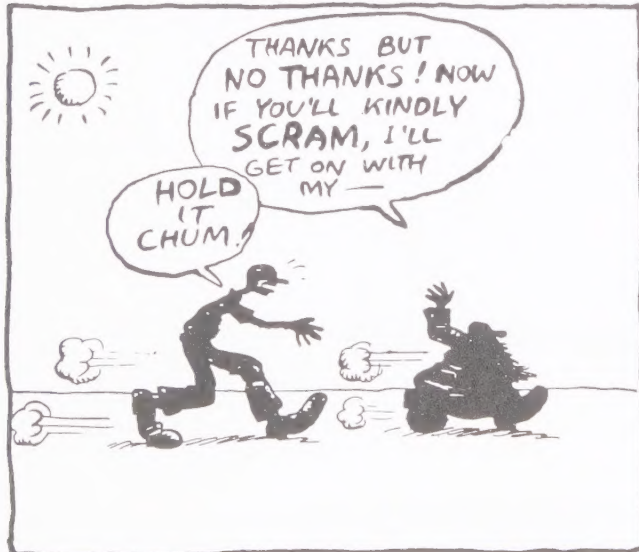
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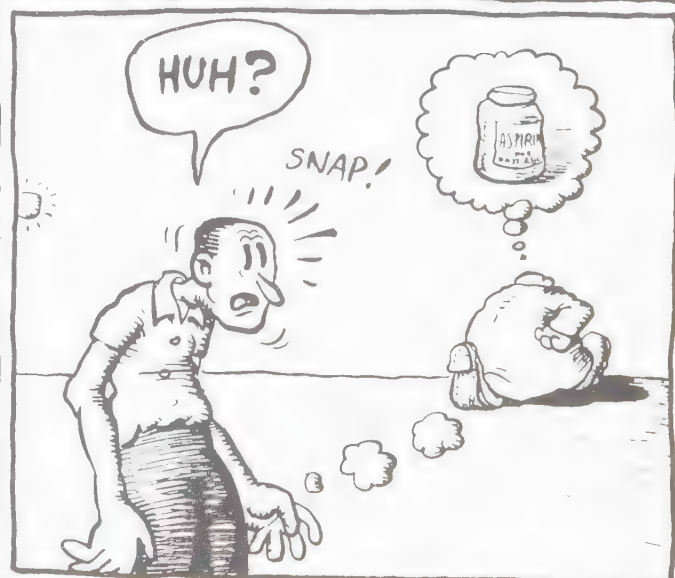
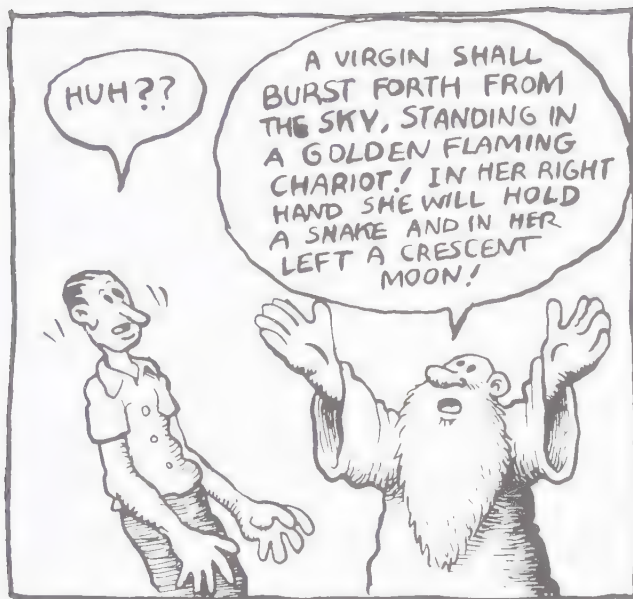
in Death Valley

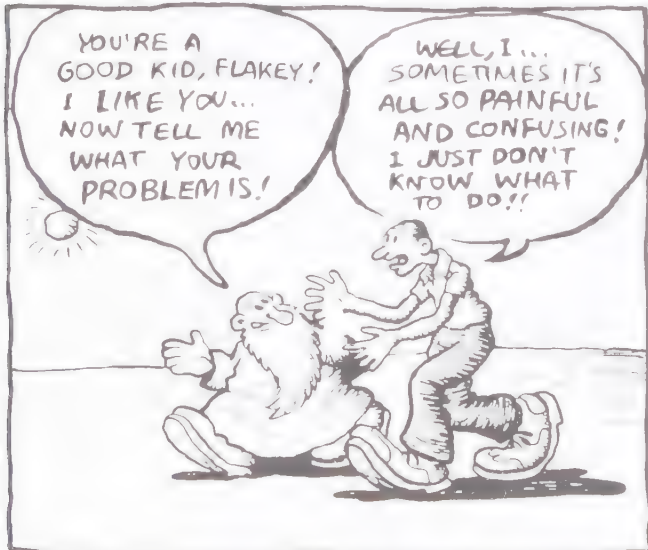
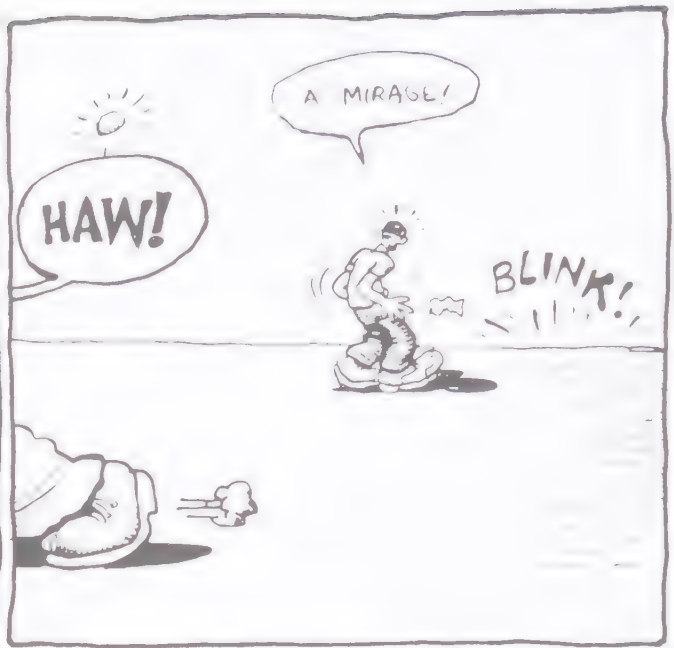


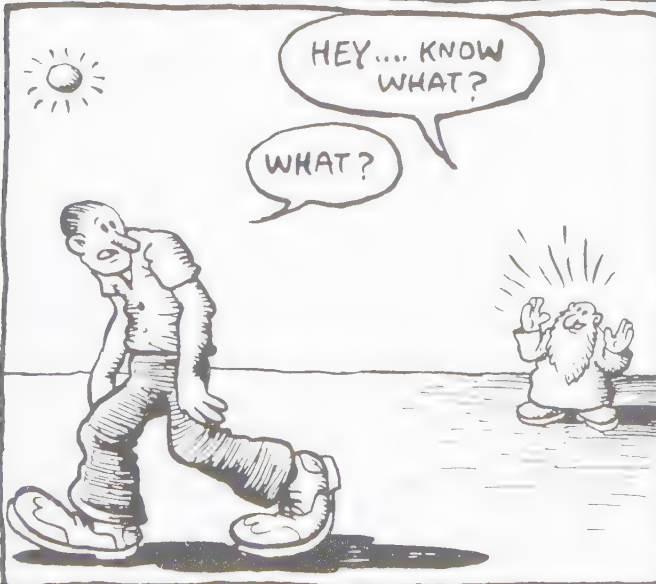
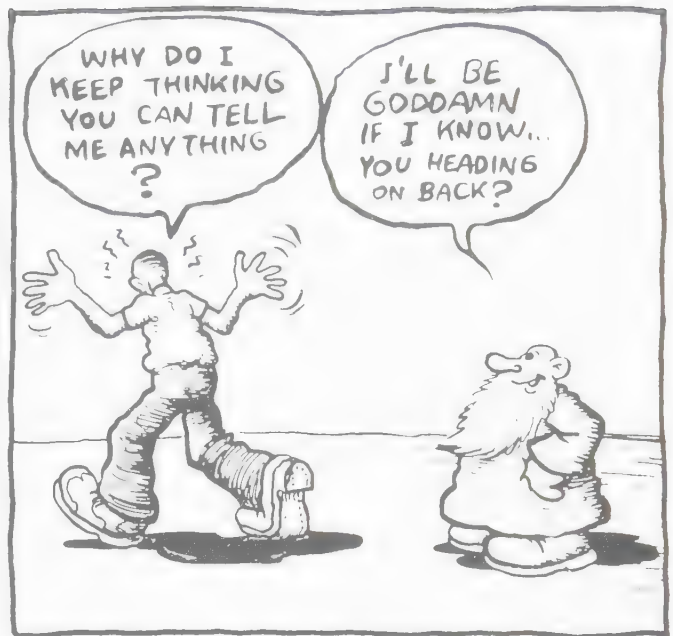
THE GREAT MAN
(AN EX-TAXICAB DRIVER
FROM AFGHANISTAN)
HAS BEEN MEDITATING
IN THE DESERT
FOR FORTY DAYS!
HOW DOES HE DO IT!?









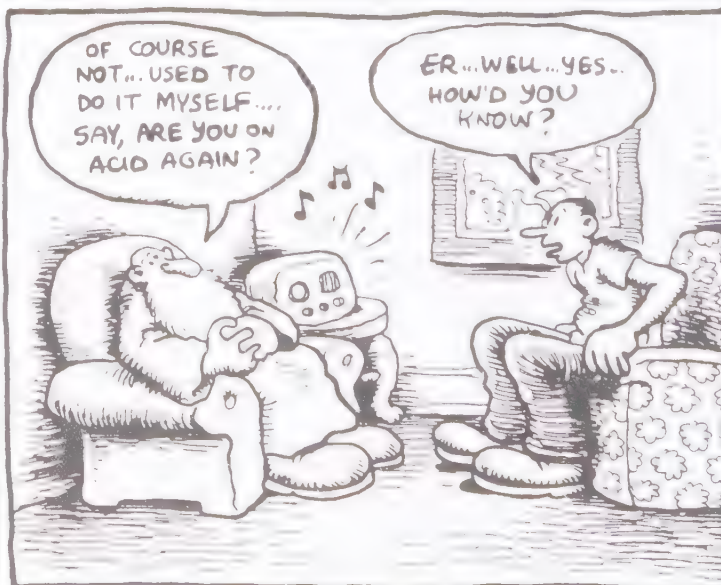
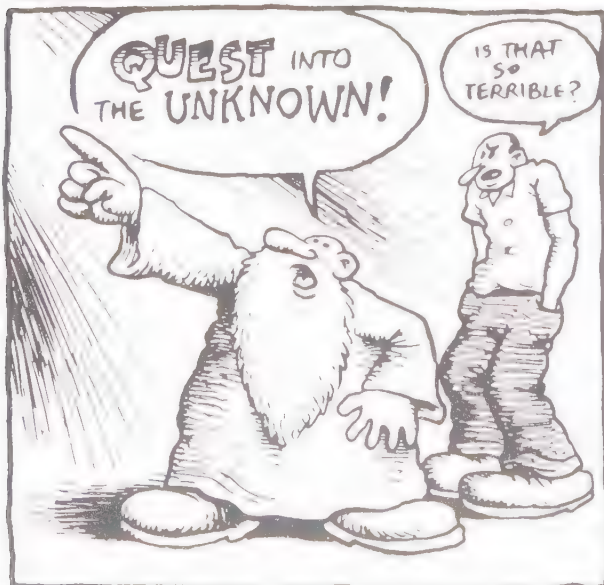
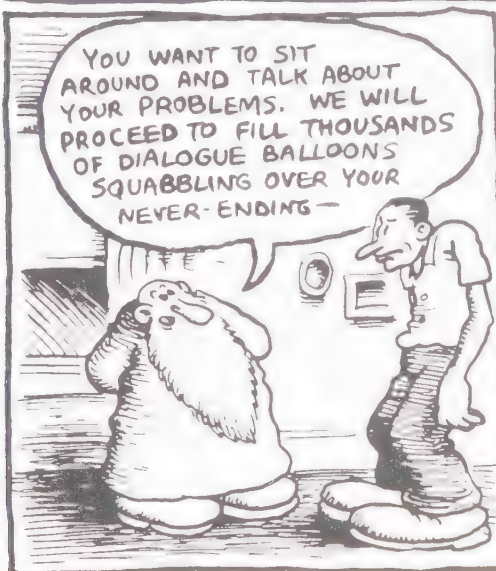


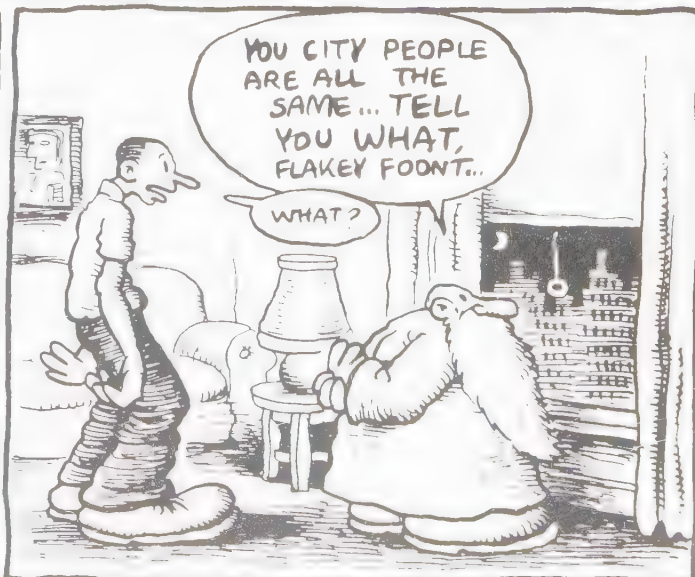
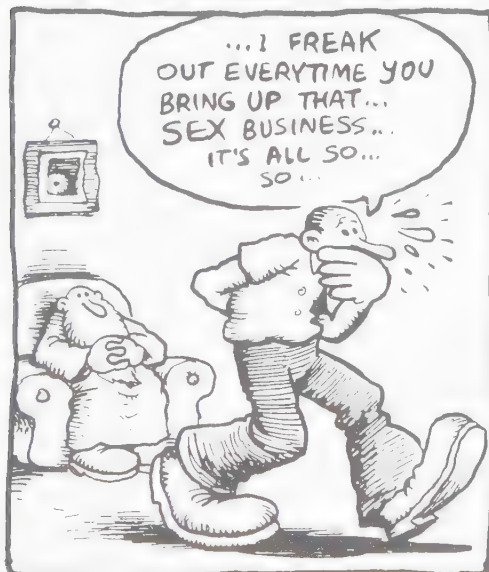
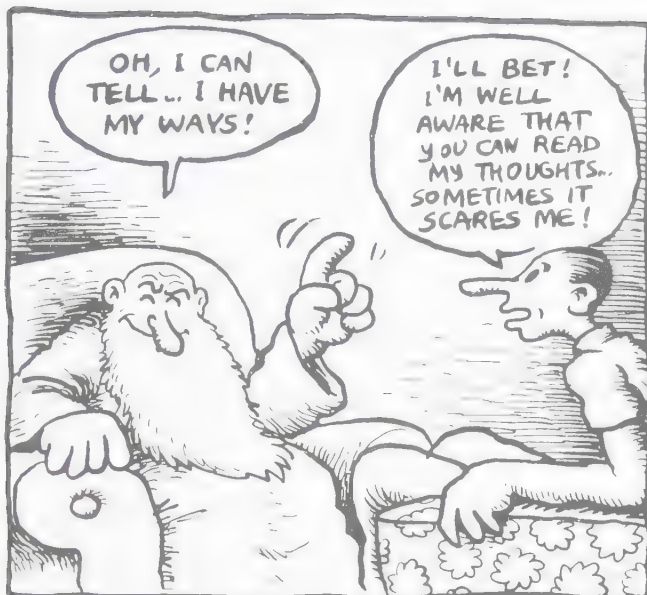
THE END

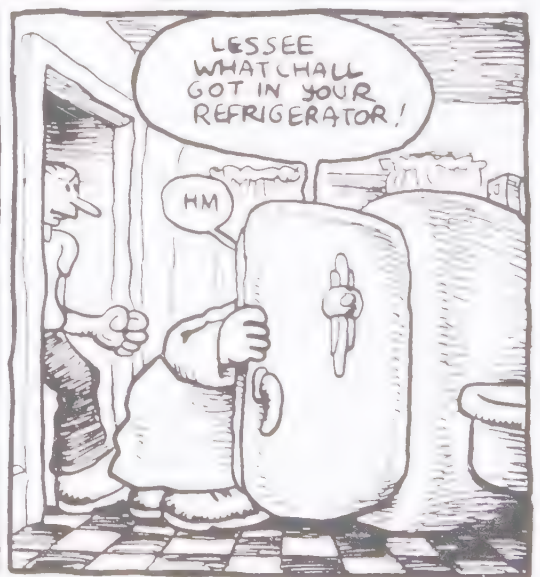
Mr Natural

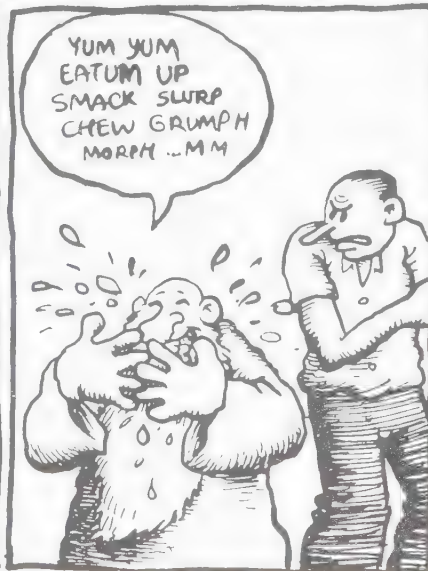
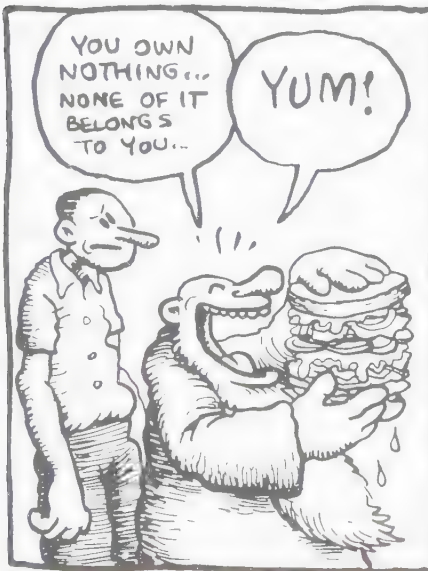
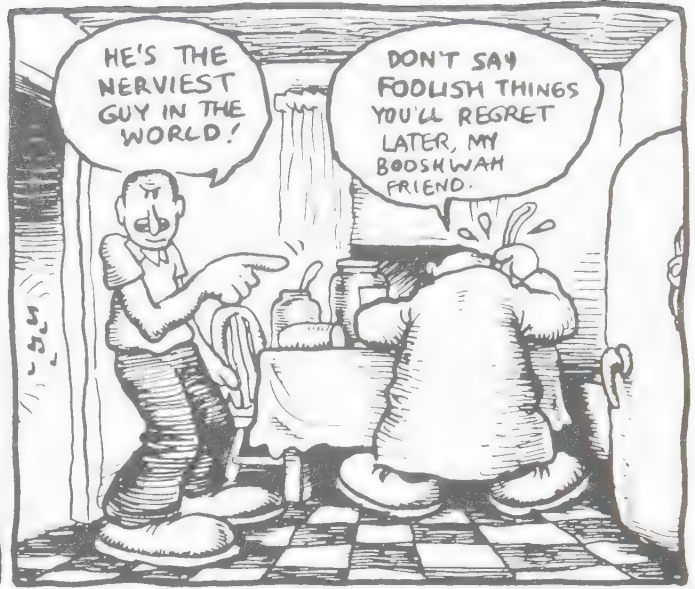
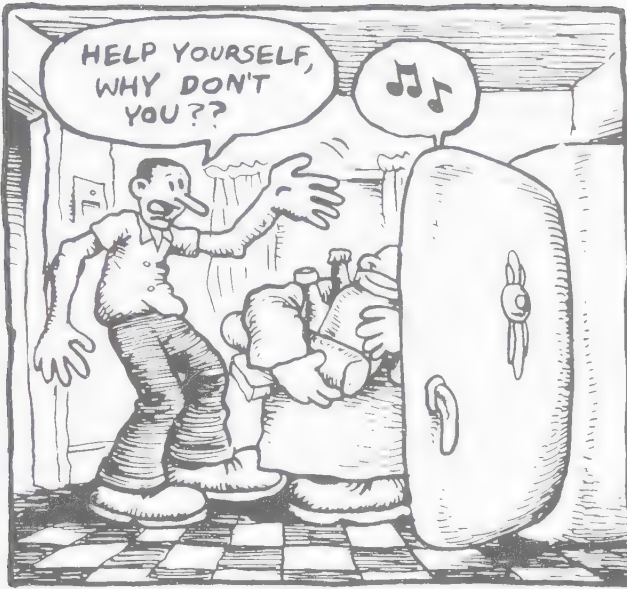
"visits the city"

YES, HE'S BACK IN TOWN...
JUST TO SEE ALL HIS OLD
FRIENDS WHO ARE STILL
AROUND. MAYBE HE'LL
EVEN DROP IN ON
YOU!

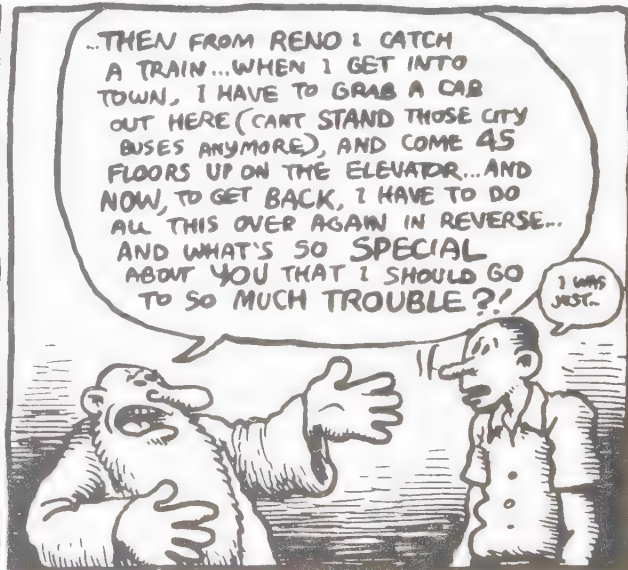
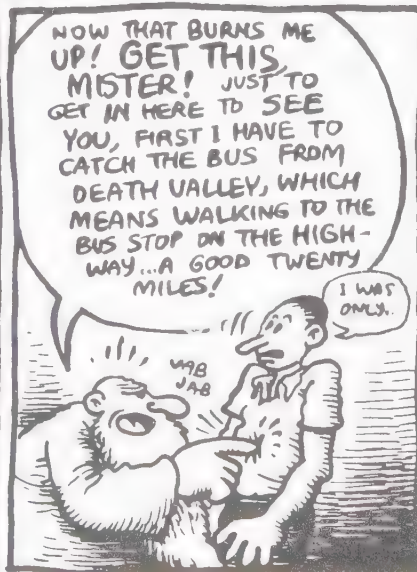




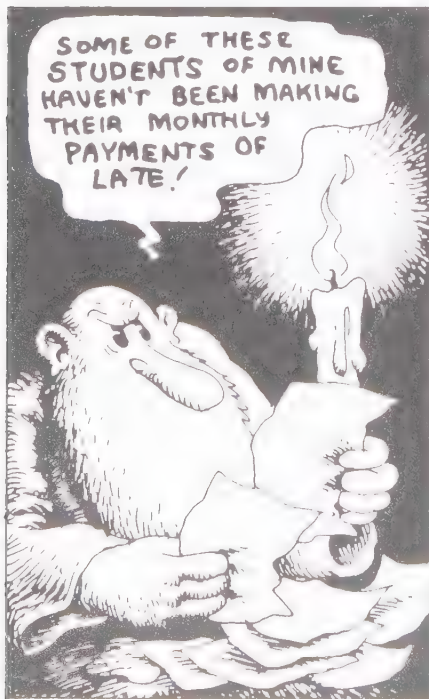


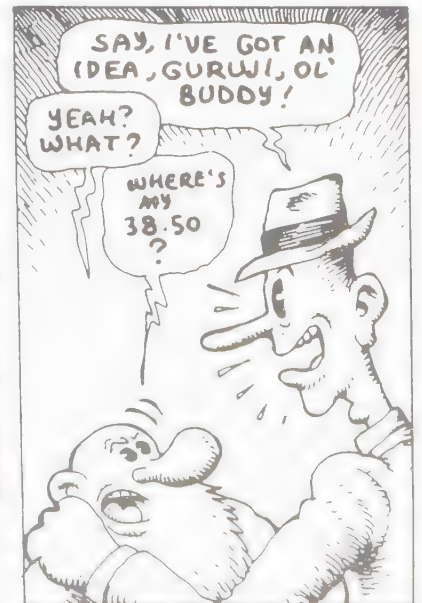
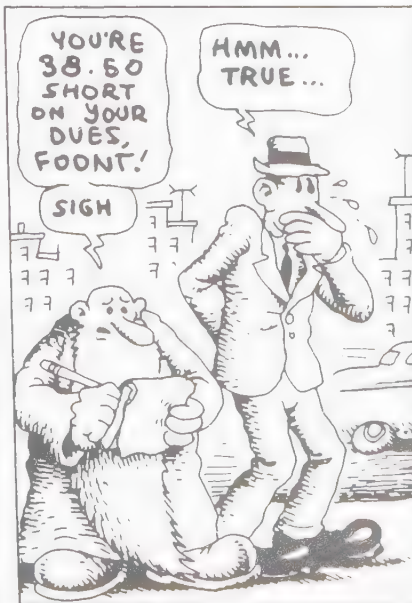




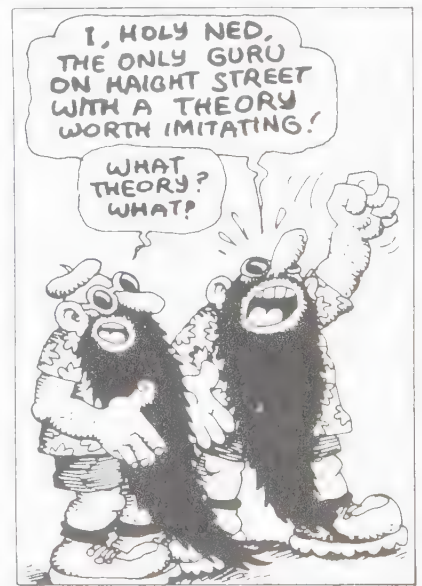
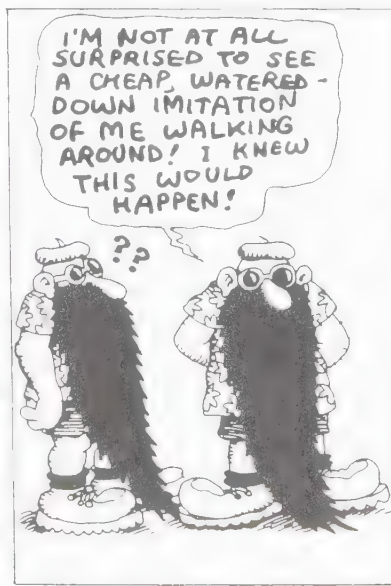
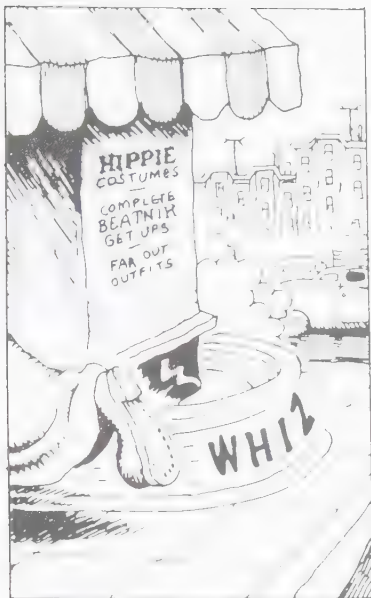


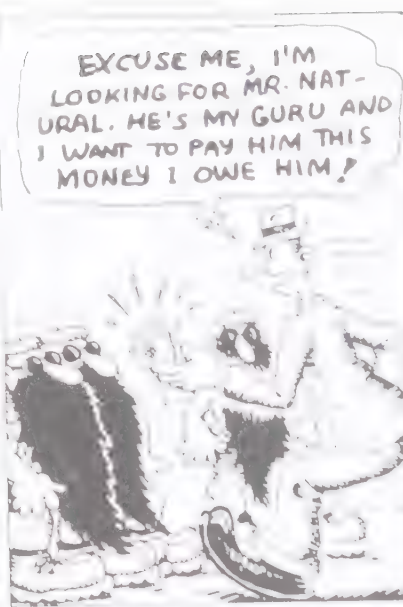
MR. NATURAL



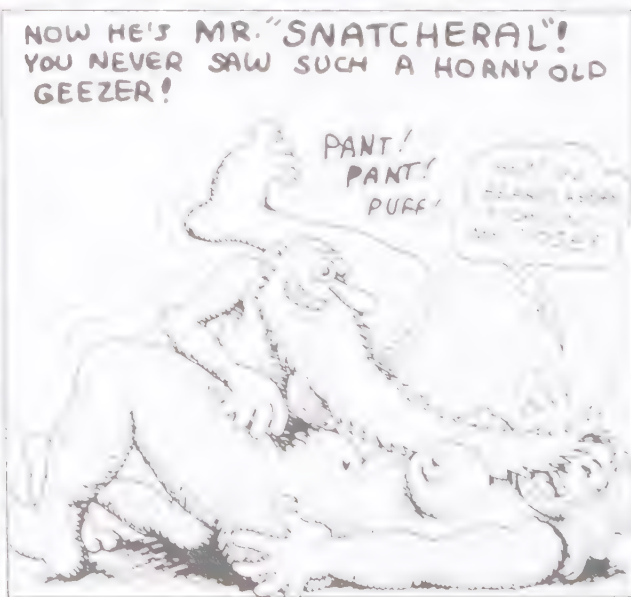








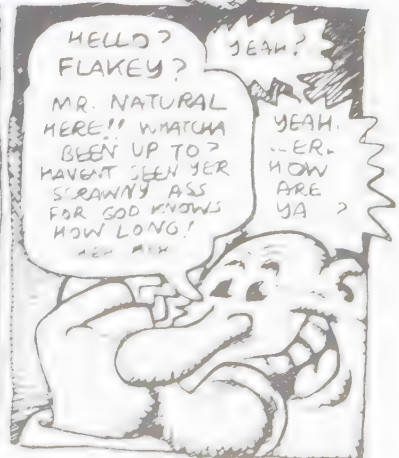
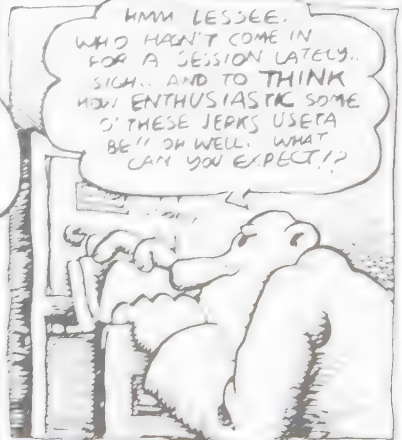
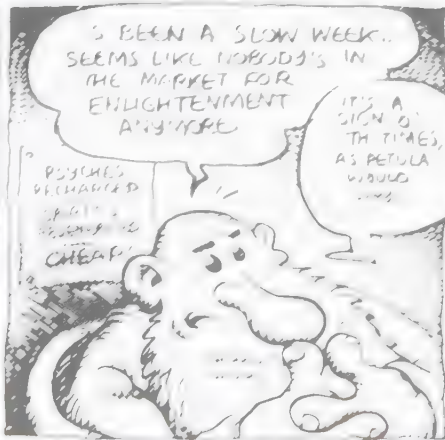
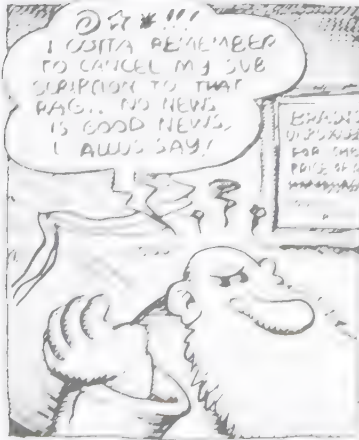
WHICH ONE IS THE REAL MR. NATURAL??

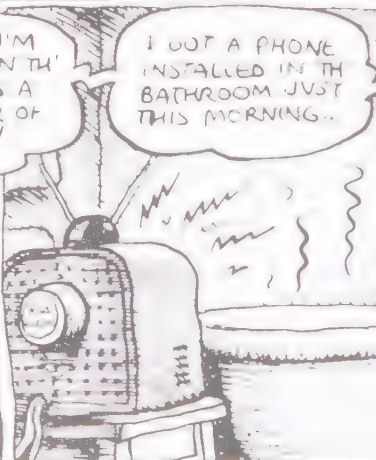
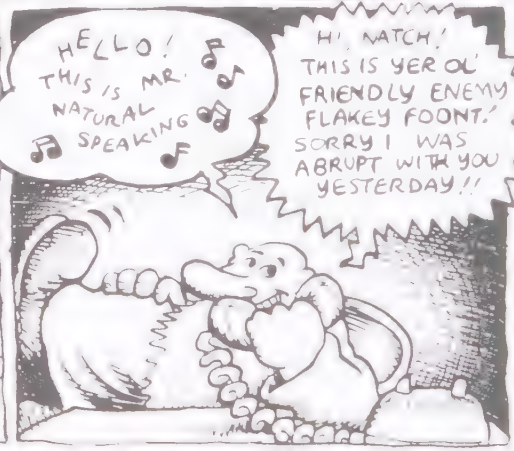
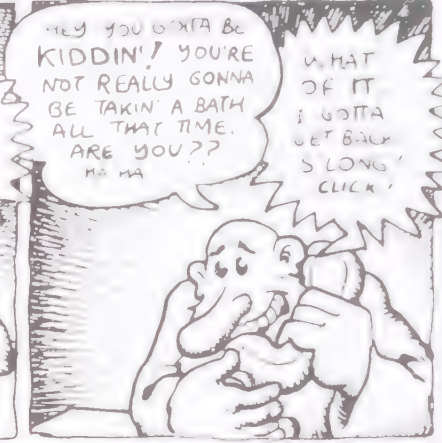


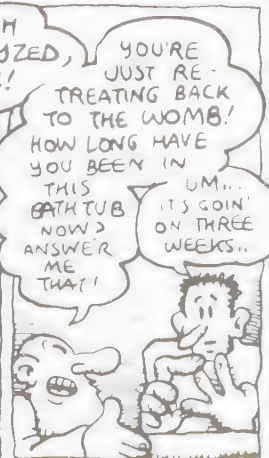
Mr. Natural

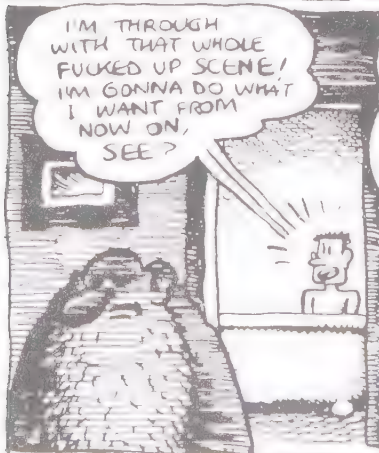
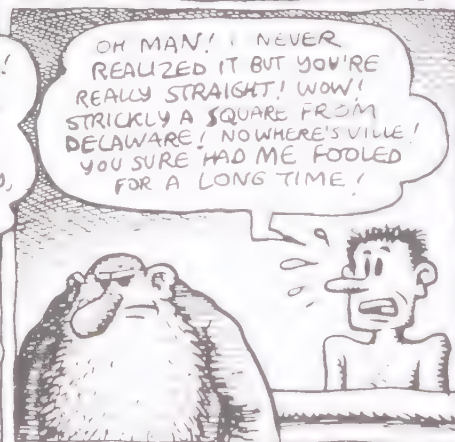


R. L. Smith

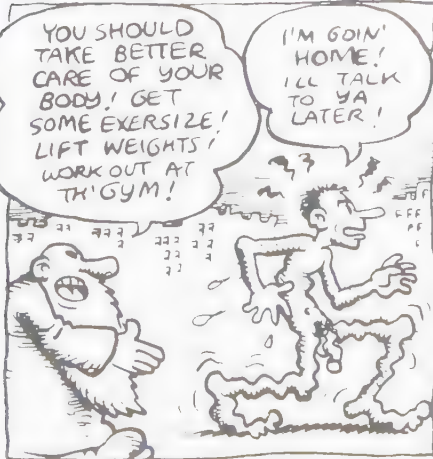








DAYS LATER



HEY! GUESS WHAT?

IT'S A

WORKADAY WORLD



LET'S LOOK IN ON
FLAKEY FOONT AND SEE
HOW HE'S DOING IN HIS
NEW LIFE AS A FARM-
ER! WE FIND HIM IN
THE MIDST OF RAKING
UP SOME HAY THAT'S
BEEN CUT..



© 1992 BY THE NEW YORKING STORE R CRUMB

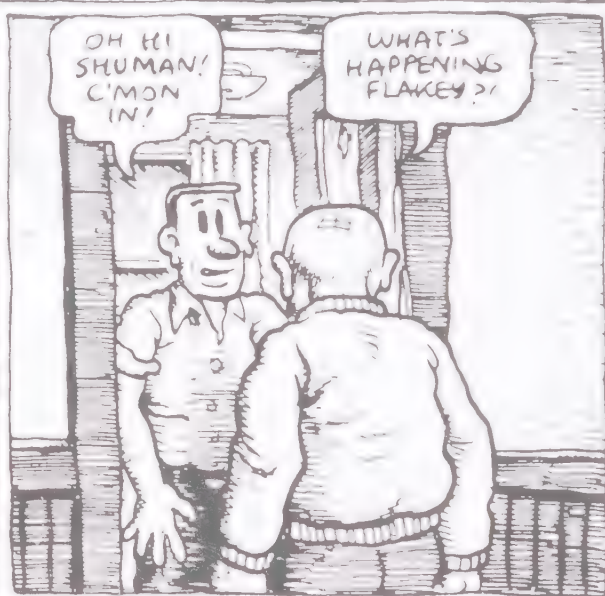


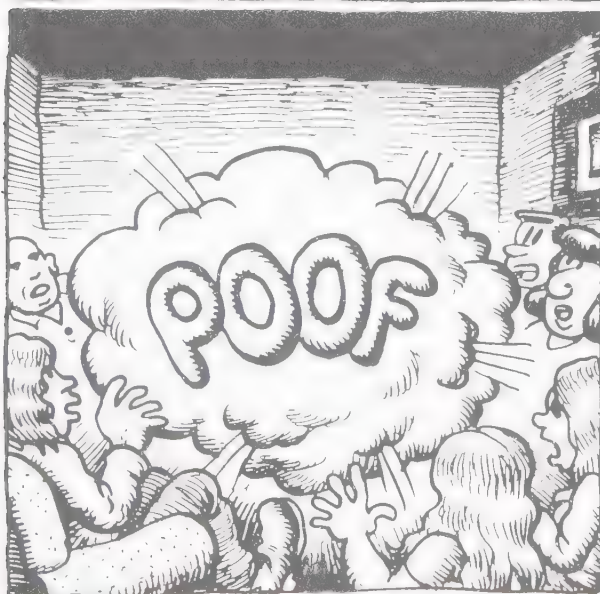


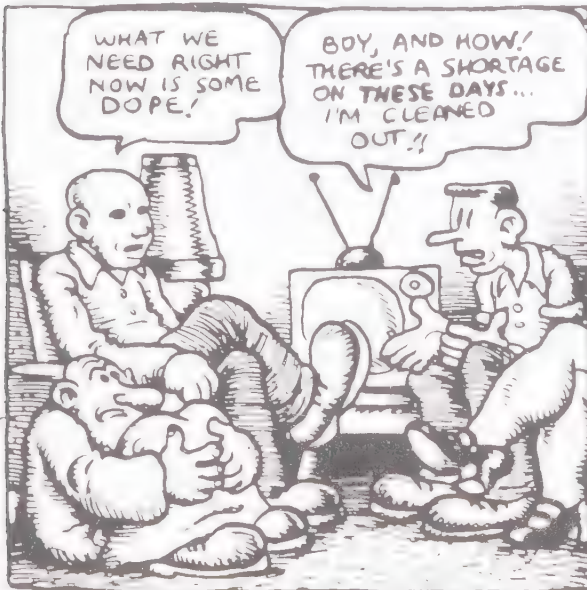
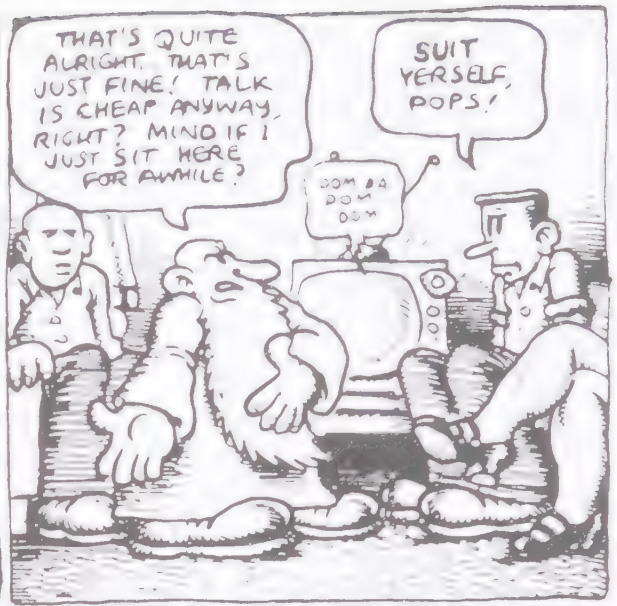
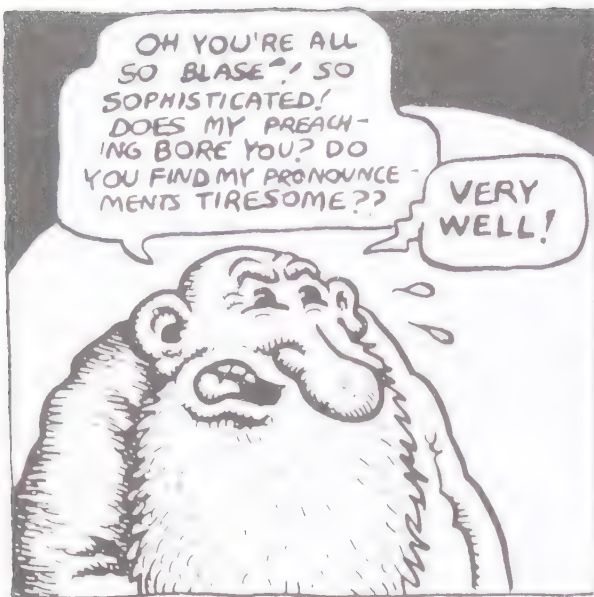
HERE'S A HANDY HINT FROM MISTER NATCH:

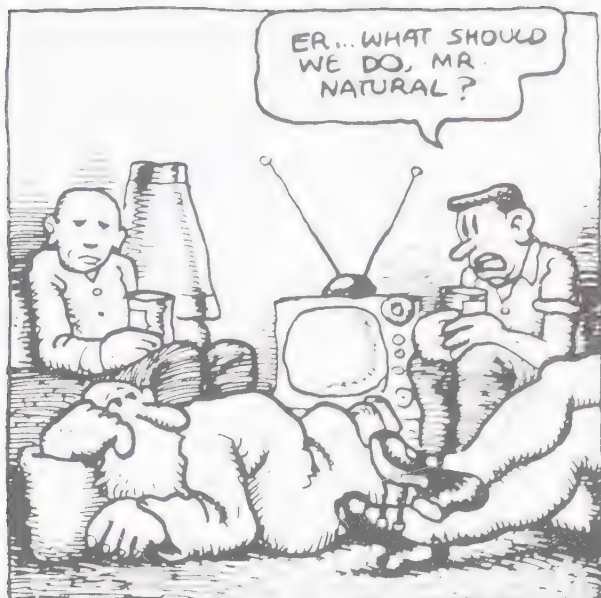
AT HOME OR AT WORK....

GET THE
RIGHT TOOL
FOR THE
JOB!











SUNNY SIDE UP

with
Mr. Natural

KEEP YOUR SUNNY SIDE
UP, UP... HIDE THE
SIDE THAT GETS
BLUE!



AND IF YOU HAVE NINE
SONS IN A ROW,
BASEBALL TEAMS MAKE
MONEY, YOU KNOW!



SO KEEP YOUR
SUNNY SIDE UP, UP...
LET YOUR LAUGHTER
COME THROUGH,
DO!



STAND UP ON
YOUR LEGS...



BE LIKE
TWO FRIED
EGGS.



KEEP YOUR
SUNNY SIDE
UP!

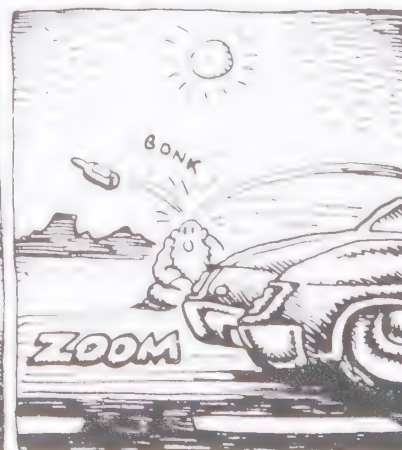
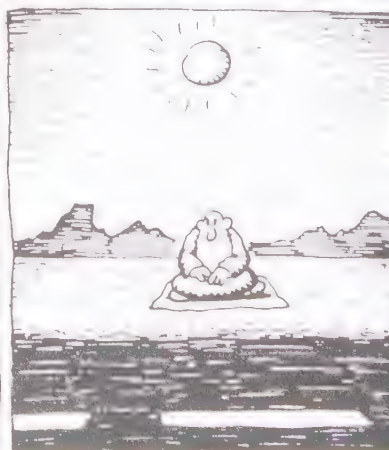
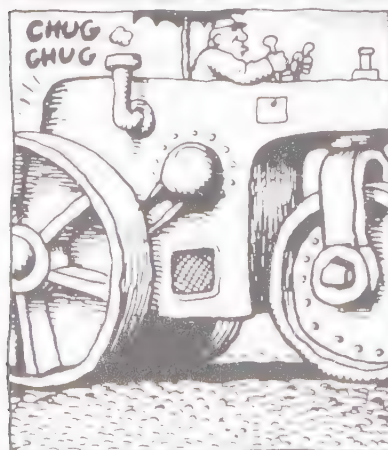
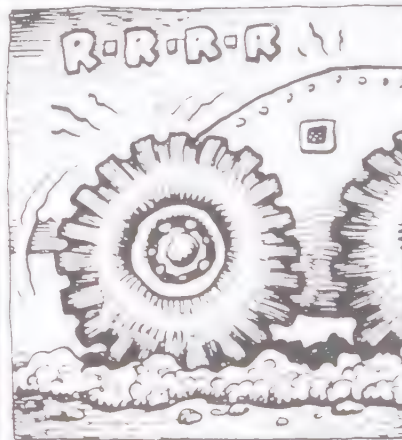
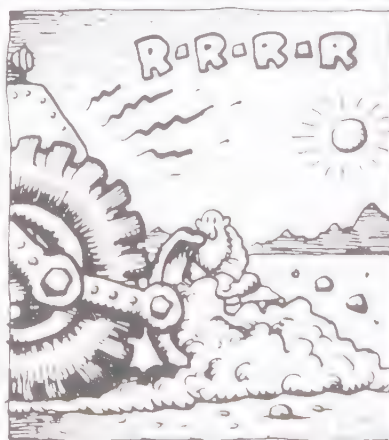
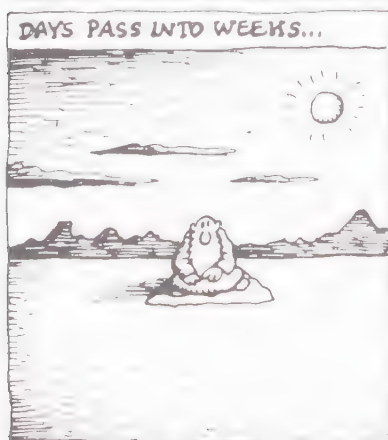
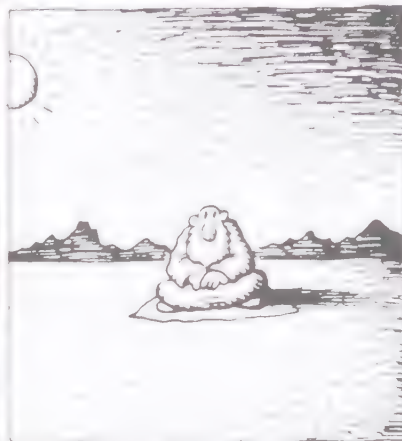
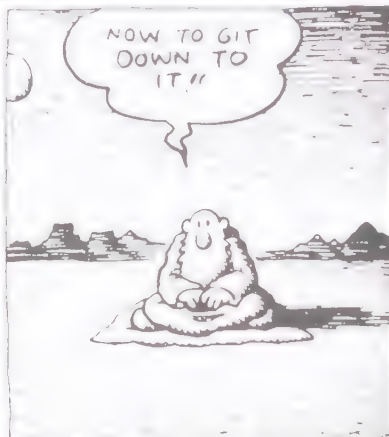


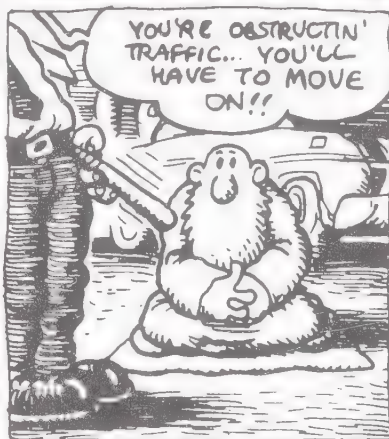
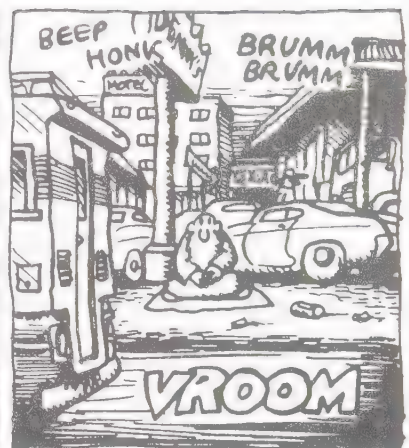
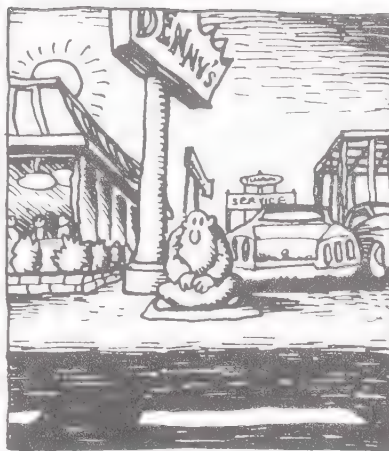
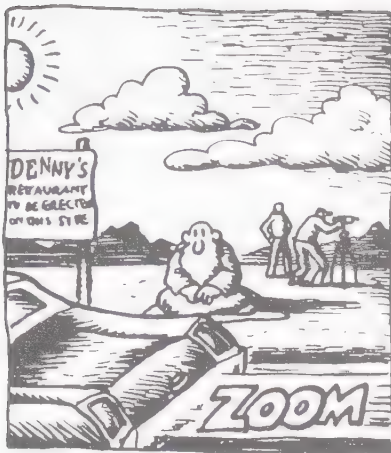
THE SUNNY
SIDE UP
929
10/10

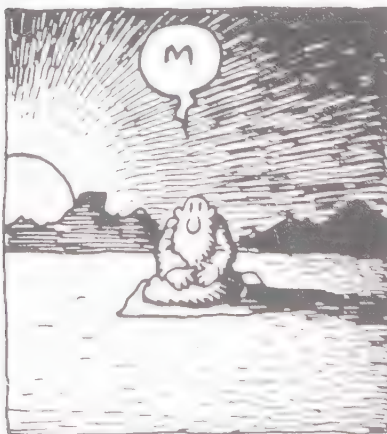
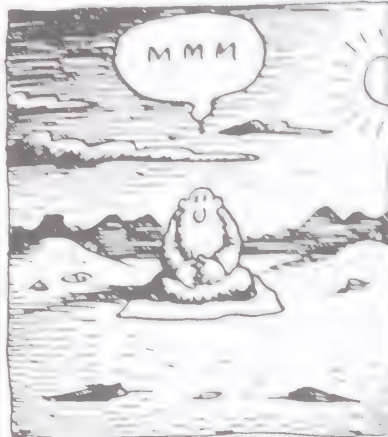
Mr. Natural's 719th MEDITATION

THIS LOOKS LIKE
AS GOOD A SPOT
AS ANY...

THE OLD DESERT RAT IS
BACK ON THE JOB OUT THERE
IN THE BARREN WASTES!!







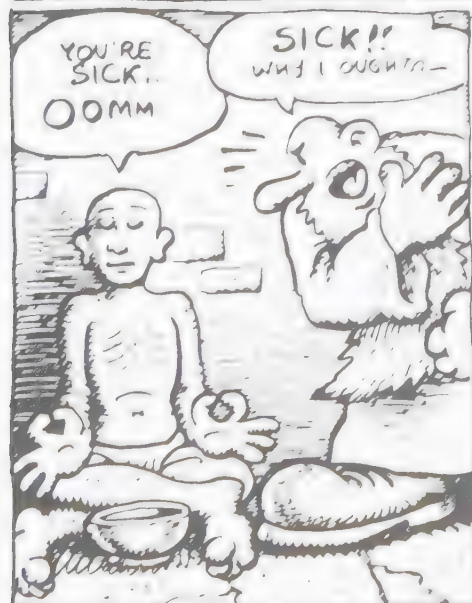
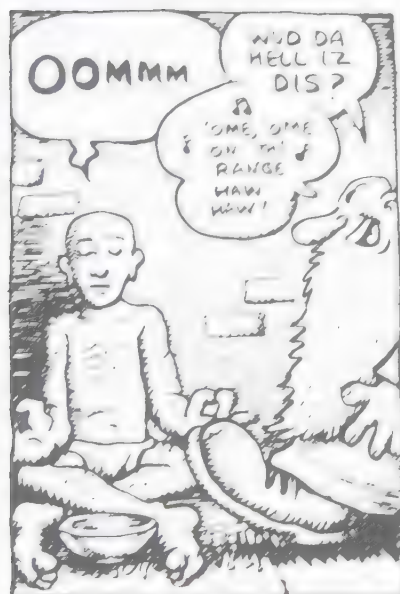
MR. NATURAL

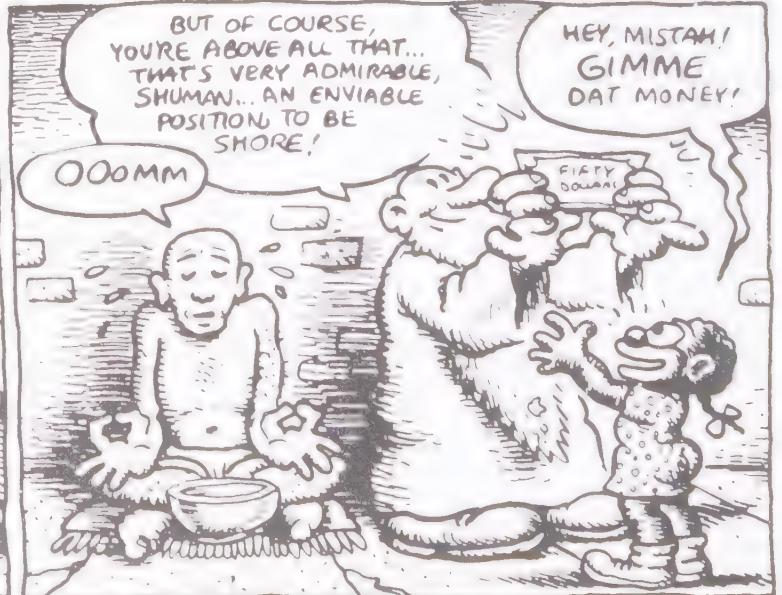
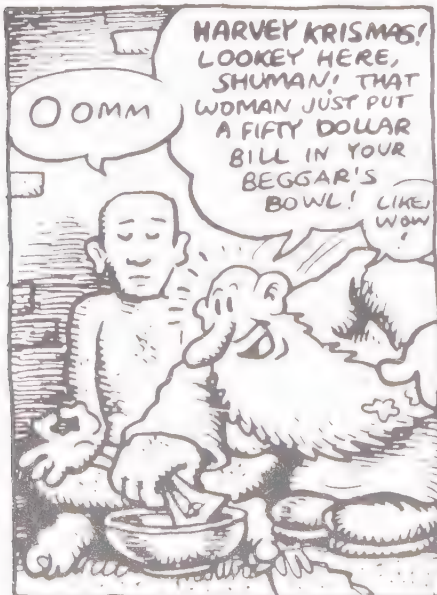
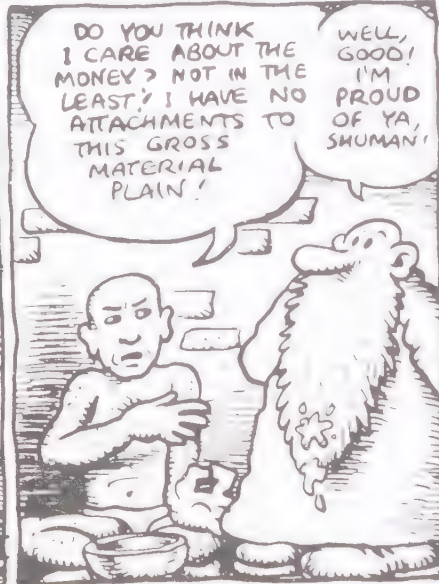
and SHUMAN

the HUMAN

in
"OM SWEET OM"

OOOMMM







WHY CERTAINLY,
MY CHILD ... HERE YOU
ARE... DON'T SPEND IT
ALL ON CANDY OR
YOUR TEETH WILL FALL
OUT... HEH HEH

OOMM



BYE!

LISTEN! I
GOTTA PAY
TH' RENT
TOO, YA
KNOW!



HAW HAW!
I KILL ME!!
HA HA!

WHY DONT
YOU GO DO YOUR
THING AND ALLOW
ME TO DO
MINE!



YES... I KNOW... I
SHOULDN'T TEASE
YOU, SHUMAN... IT'S
NOT RIGHT... BUT
YOU KNOW ME...
ALWAYS FULL
OF MISCHIEF...

OKAY, WHICH
IS D' GUY WHAT
GAVE YOU DE
MONEY, LI'L
EUCALYPTUS
CHILE 'S

OOMM!



IT WUZ
DAT DUDE,
OTIS!

WELL, WELL!
HEL-LO
AGAIN!



HEY, MAN... WE
APPRECIATE YOU GIVEN
DAT FIFTY BUCKS TO
TH' LI'L SISTUH... YOU
GOT ANY MO' FO'
US?

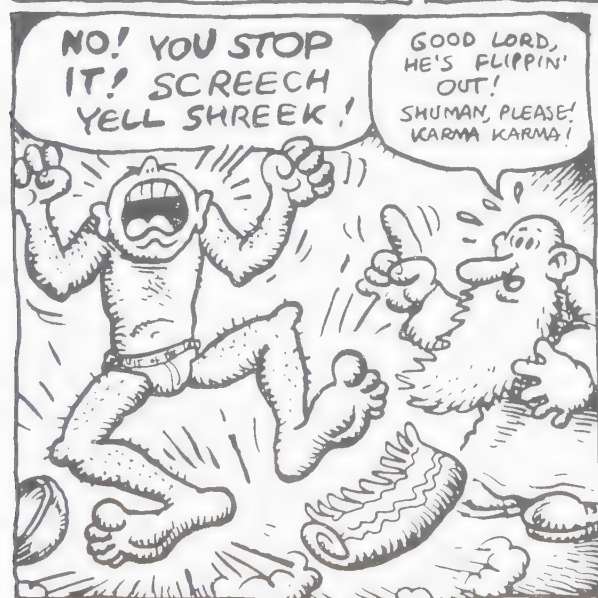
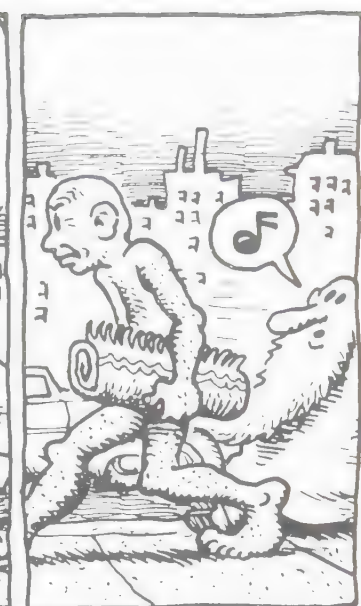
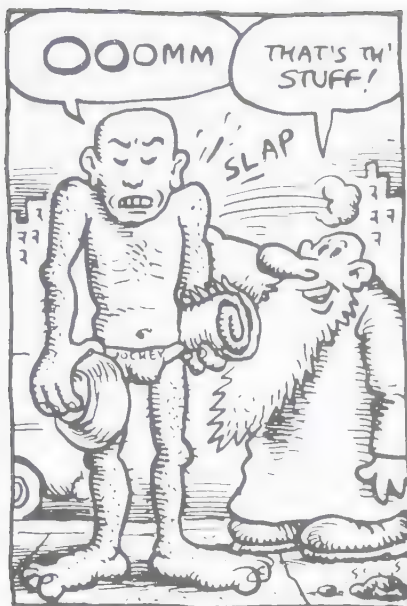
YEAH, AN' FO'
D' BLACK COM-
MUNITY?

ME SOME
TOO!

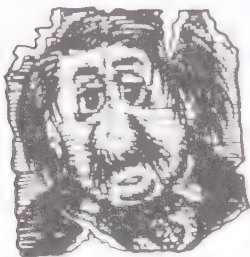
NOT ME,
FELLAS, I RIPPED
IT OUTA THAT
BEGGAR'S BOWL!
HONEST!

O O O O M M





The Origins of MR. NATURAL



THIS TINY BATTERED PHOTOGRAPH MAY BE THE FIRST ONE EVER TAKEN OF MR. NATURAL, BUT THE EXPERTS HAVE DIFFERENT OPINIONS. BACK OF PHOTO IS INSCRIBED WITH THE NAME "FRED" BUT IS NOT MR. NATURAL'S HANDWRITING.



EARLIEST KNOWN PHOTOGRAPH THAT IS DEFINITELY THE VENERABLE ONE IS THIS PORTRAIT SIGNED "F. NATURAL, WESSINGTON SPRINGS, S.D., 1908." HANDWRITING EXPERTS HAVE VERIFIED THE SIGNATURE, AND AN OLD-TIMER STILL LIVING IN ALCESTER, SOUTH DAKOTA, RECALLS A MAN NAMED FRED NATURAL WHO JOBBED AROUND THAT AREA IN THOSE DAYS. HE REMEMBERS HIM AS A "NICE QUIET FELLOW."

MANY OF YOU Mr. Natural fans have asked that we run an article on the man's past life and early background. Certainly a life history on Mr. Natural is a fascinating idea, and so, with a certain amount of skepticism, we set about investigating. Our doubts were confirmed as we ran into one blind alley after another, and finally were forced to abandon trying to fill in several large gaps in his past. Whole decades, in fact, are entirely missing. A frustrating experience for the conscientious historian and Mr. Natural enthusiast.

His childhood is completely clouded in obscurity. His birthplace and birthdate are entirely unknown. No records have been found, and no relatives, and, of course, no one has been able to squeeze an ounce of information out of the Old Man Himself (except, according to him, that his father is still alive, and well, but he won't tell us where). All knowledge of his life has been gathered without his help or support, and the whole

project leaves him "Cold," as he puts it.

The 1908 photograph is the earliest proof we have of his existence. The photo was sent to us by Mrs. Ada Cooper, a Mr. Natural fan, who found the old picture in a trunk full of her mother's belongings. Mrs. Cooper says she can never remember her mother, now deceased, ever mentioning that she knew Mr. Natural.

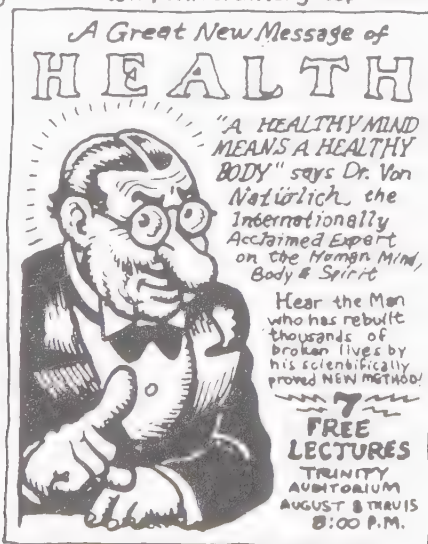
As for his age at the time the photograph was taken, he appears to have been between thirty-five and forty, which would make him close to one hundred years old today!!

Not a clue exists as to his whereabouts between 1908 and 1921, the year our wild young wiseman moved to Chicago, where he stayed up to 1929. Here we lose track of the elusive sage for another seven years. But we managed to hunt down several people who knew him in "that toddlin' town" in the twenties, and so have gathered a fairly complete picture of Mr. Natural's adventures through that lurid decade.

In the fall of 1921 Mr. Natural got a job in a drugstore as an errand runner on the near north side. (Some believe the drugstore was a front for a speak-easy and that it was Natch's job to deliver

the illegal booze to thirsty customers, but this is mere here-say). It may have been while in the employ of this pharmacy that he became interested in the drug field, for two years later, in 1923, he was promoting a "Wonder Drug" that he claimed could cure all "mental and spiritual ills" and had a small but enthusiastic cult of followers, mostly women, who endorsed this claim vigorously. Going under the name of "Dr. Von Natürlich," he travelled through the midwest for a short time, selling the "wonder elixir" and "healing" the sick, until he was arrested in Peoria, Illinois, convicted of Fraud and spent six months in the county jail. There are still those who applaud Dr. Von Natürlich's Wonder-Drug, and curse the day his entire stock was confiscated by the police. Mrs. Vicki Hodgetts, now of Los Angeles, said to me when I talked with her: "Well, yes! It certainly was a wonder drug! I know it was, because I was absolutely neurotic! I was miserable, believe me! Then along comes this Dr. Von Natürlich...and, well, I've been a very happy person ever since!"

The police file on the case, which was still in the Peoria Courthouse, states, "Although purported to possess potent powers over the mind and spirit, a close scrutiny of this so-called "Wonder Drug" under a microscope has proven without a shadow of a doubt that it is nothing more than plain ordinary tap-water."



HANDBILL SHOWING "DR. VON NATÜRLICH" IN THE YEAR 1924

After his release from jail, he turned his talents to magic, and for a few months performed his feats of mystic hoodoo in Vaudeville houses around Chicago. He was billed as "Mr. Natural the Magnificent." This career, too, met with opposition from the conservatives of that primitive time, and his show was cut short one night by a panic-stricken theatre manager who ordered the curtain brought down on Mr. Natural's "Unnatural Act" which he was about to perform on an hypnotized lady participant. He was blacklisted and never performed as a magician again.

Evidently, he was undaunted by past defeats, and in the spring of 1926 he somehow managed to get together a small dance band and began a successful career in the music business as a band-leader.

This band was known as "Mr. Natural and his Seven Lyrical Lechers" at first and later the group was enlarged to thirteen members under the name of "Mr. Natural's Lyrical Lechers and their Orchestra." They were a popular group around Chicago for almost two years, playing in roadhouses and Cafes, and an occasional College Prom or Hotel Ballroom. Mr. Natural himself wrote many of the songs in their repertoire and even played an assortment of unlikely instruments. Their arrangements had a strangely unique sound as evidenced by a few surviving records.



TWO RECORDS CUT BY MR. NATURAL'S BAND IN THE SUMMER OF 1928



It was an era of easy money and within a year, Mr. Natural had accumulated a small fortune. In 1928 he was living in a large plush home in a Chicago suburb, owned two Packard limousines, employed the services of a maid, butler and chauffeur and threw huge wild parties.

Then, suddenly, and unexpectedly, he gave it all away to some bum he'd picked up on the street, typical of the restless, unfathomable nature of his perfect being. His friends were totally baffled by this sudden change, and when he moved to a cheap skid-row hotel, he gradually lost contact with his former well-to-do whoopee-making friends.

Harry Baines, the drummer in the band, says "We had some good times back then. I'll never understand why Natchy threw it all away. Everybody thought he was nuts! Of course, two years later, the rest of us went down the tubes along with him!"

"It looked to me liked he just flipped his noodle!" - Joey Norton, banyo player in the group.

"I still can't figure it! I used to think he was a smart operator 'til he pulled that stunt! And he even had it put in writing! Crackers!" - Doris Hall, wife of Cafe owner Monte Hall.

From the winter of '28-'29, when Mr. Natural moved to skid-row, until a full seven years later, nothing is known of him.



THIS PHOTOGRAPH, MADE IN DEC., 1933, CONTAINS A PERSON WHO MIGHT BE MR. NATURAL, ACCORDING TO THE SAN MATEO CHAPTER OF THE MR. NATURAL SOCIETY, WHO FOUND THE PICTURE. "WHO ELSE COULD IT BE?" SAYS THE GROUP'S PRESIDENT. INDEED, THERE IS A STRONG RESEMBLANCE IN THE FEATURES OF THE DOWN-AND-OUT CHAP ABOVE TO THOSE OF THE LIVING SAINT. PHOTO WAS TAKEN IN CHICAGO, BUT NO ONE HAS TURNED UP WHO KNEW HIM THERE AFTER 1929.

In 1936 he popped up again on the west coast, where he met another great American folk hero and all-around geek, the "Old Pooperoo". The Old Poop was working as a fruit picker in Central California in the late thirties, and he and Mr. Natural crossed paths in a working-man's bar in Modesto one night in October, 1936. They became close friends and traveled together, picking up a few dollars now and then working in the fields or on construction jobs, getting drunk and whoring and hopping freight cars all over the United States.

"Natural was a good ol' boy, yep...we went through plenty of troubles together, you bet. Why, we musta been in every calaboose in this land of Liberty, from Maine to California and back again! We fought about women and cried on each others' shoulder over lost romances...we talked about old times back home for hours, an' when we had a few bucks we lived like royal Turks! But they was generally tough times, so I got in with some sharpies in Philly and for awhile there I was rakin' it in. This was around '39 or '40. I didn't see Natural much after that. I guess I got too Booshow fer him. He wuz uneasy around my business associates. I s'pose we did put on some airs...haw haw...strictly high-hat! So he got bored and headed back west an' I didn't see him again, liked I said. But I started hearing stories about him gettin' in with small time crooks an' dope fiends, so I sent him some cash to come east an' get in the business with me, but of course he just spent the money and

wrote askin me for more and more til I got fed up and wouldn't send him any. I figured he was Hell-bent on a dead-end course. Last I heard, he wuz runnin around with a tough twerp from Tulsa name of Judy Holiday...not th' same one as th' movie star, but a nice lookin' dish from what I heard." No one seems to know what became of this Tulsa sweetheart.

When the War broke out Mr. Natural once again vanished from the scene. He has talked vaguely of this period of his life, but will not give us any specific details (He claims he can't remember). By his own admission, if we can trust him, he was in the Middle and Far East through the war years and after. He says he was in India, traveled to China, the Himalayas, Tibet and Afghanistan, where he got work as a Taxi driver, and, in his own words "learned many strange and wonderful things" in those distant lands.

He returned to America in 1953 "for some stupid reason" and loafed around for a year "getting very depressed about the world situation," he tells us, and so, renouncing all worldly pursuits and pleasures, he retreated to Death Valley in 1955 to "start anew."

In June, 1960, a small group of ardent devotees formed the first chapter of the Mr. Natural Fan Clubs of America in Southern California. They kept close ties with his spiritual development in the desert, as well as looking after his financial matters. In 1965 he began making speaking tours, visiting Colleges and Universities, and by 1966 he was already coming into his own as a recognized powerful spiritual force on this planet, a great religious leader, and a living model of Godlike perfection for all of Humanity to emulate. His moving words of wisdom have been translated into German, French, Spanish, Italian, Norwegian, Dutch and Japanese, and his presence on this globe has changed it for the better, as we all know!!

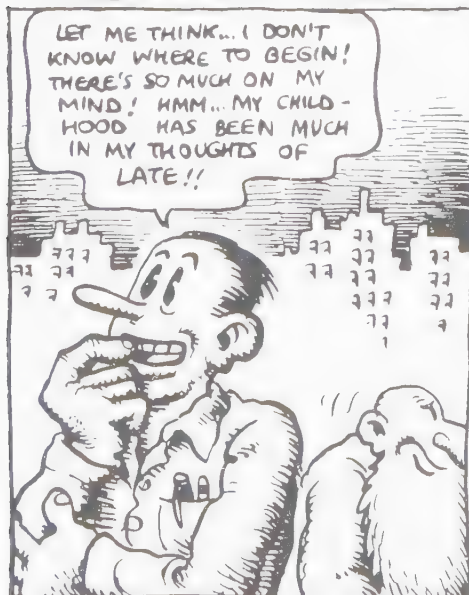
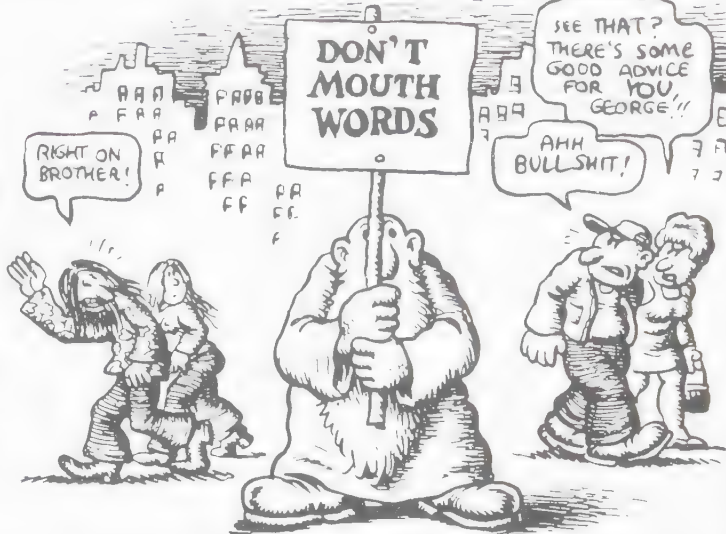
THE OLD POOPEROO AND MR. NATURAL IN CIEYENNE WYOMING, 1938



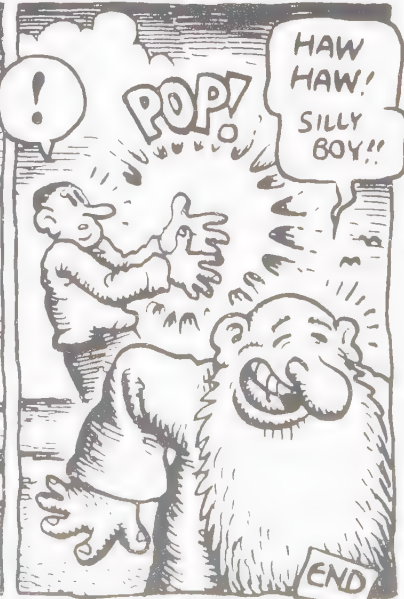
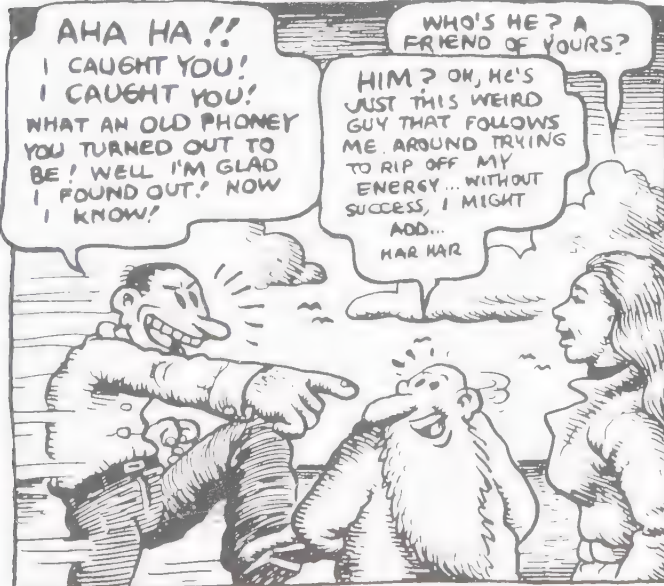
MR. NATURAL WITH A GROUP OF EARLY DISCIPLES IN LOS ANGELES CALIFORNIA, MARCH 1962

Mr. Natural Stops Talking

©1971 by R. Crumb Productions

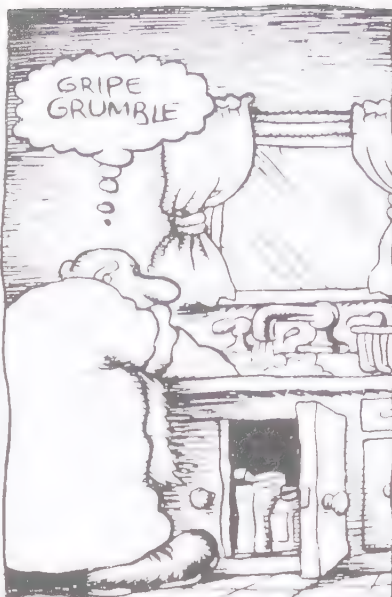






Mr. Natural

"DOES THE DISHES"





MIRNATURAL and FLAKEY FOOT in



A GURL IN HOTPANTS

by R. CRUMB



WHERE
WILL IT
ALL END?

IN THE GRAVE,
MY BOY, IN THE
GRAVE!



WOULDJA LOOK
AT THAT LI'L
UNIT IN TH'
HOTPANTS
THOUGH!



WELL, THEN, IS
SEX THE ANSWER?

NO, I WOULDN'T
SAY THAT!



SEX, MY BOY,
IS THE
QUESTION!

OW!



BUT WHAT I'D LIKE
TO KNOW IS, WHY THIS
UNCEASING PAIN? WHY
THIS UNENDING SUCCESSION
OF PLAGUES?
WHY??

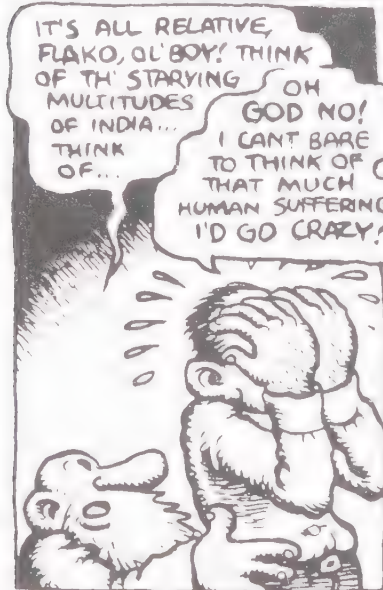


ALL AROUND ME
I SEE HUMAN BEINGS
SUFFERING, EACH ONE
CAUGHT IN HIS OWN
PRIVATE HELL... HIS
OWN PERSONAL
MISERY... WHY?
WHY?



ALL MY FRIENDS AND
LOVED ONES, ALL STRUGGLING
AGAINST THIS HARSH WORLD,
AND I'M HELPLESS TO DO
ANYTHING FOR THEM, OR
MYSELF... OH GOD, WHY?
WHY? WHY?

THERE,
THERE...
NOW...
DON'T
CRY!



IT'S ALL RELATIVE,
FLAKO, OL' BOY! THINK
OF TH' STARVING
MULTITUDES
OF INDIA...
THINK
OF...
OH
GOD NO!
I CAN'T BARE
TO THINK OF
THAT MUCH
HUMAN SUFFERING!
I'D GO CRAZY!



SOMEDAY THINGS
WILL BE BETTER...
I CAN PROMISE
YOU THAT!
NOW I'M
GOING
HOME...

TSK!



"SOMEDAY THINGS
WILL BE BETTER"...
IS THAT ALL YOU
CAN SAY??

THE FACT IS,
YOU DON'T
CARE!!



YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT,
FOONT... I DON'T
CARE! THE WORLD
AND IT'S SO-CALLED
MISERIES DOES NOT
UPSET ME MUCH!

OH
NO?



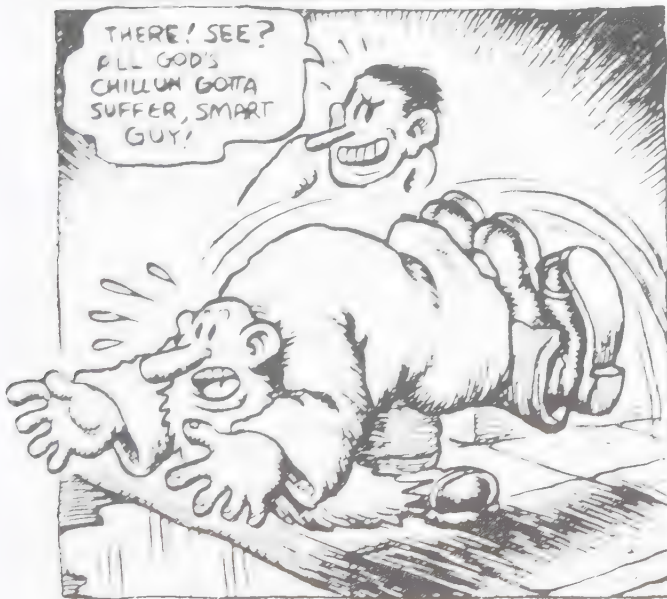
NO...IN FACT, YOU
AND YOUR MISERABLE
WORLD CAN BOTH
GO SIT ON A TACK
AS FAR AS I'M
CONCERNED!

IZZATSO?

SEE
YOU
LATER!



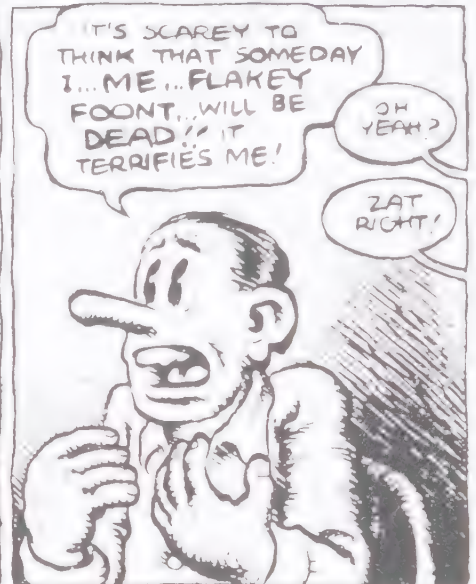
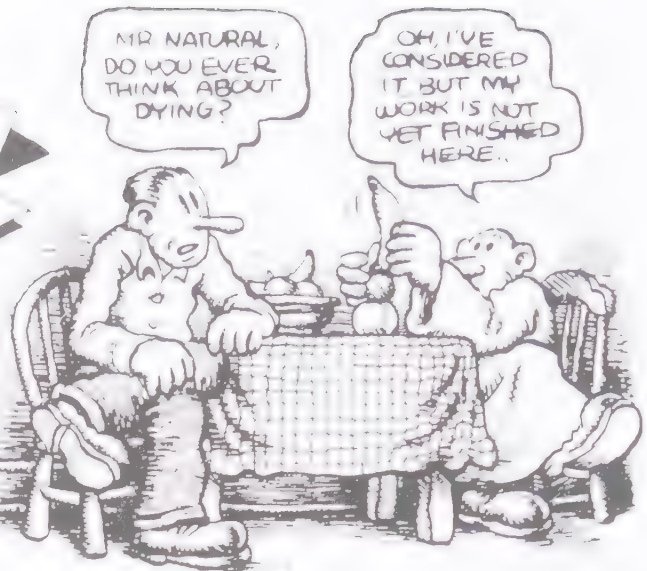
AHH,
MY
GOODNESS!

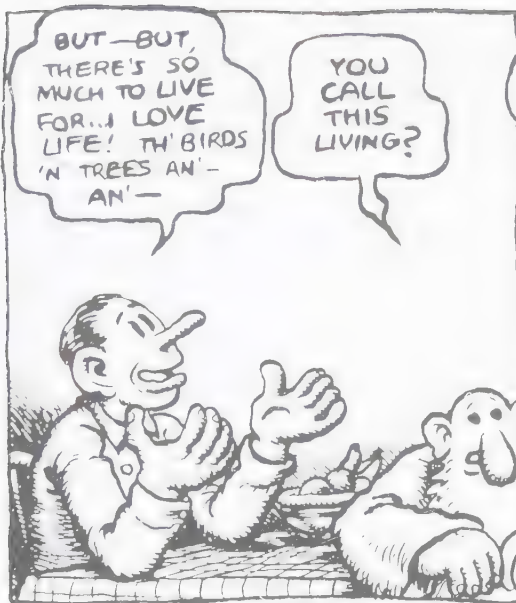


Mr. Natural

FLAKEY FOONT

SITIN' AROUND THE KITCHEN TABLE





BUT—BUT,
THERE'S SO
MUCH TO LIVE
FOR... I LOVE
LIFE! TH' BIRDS
'N TREES AN'—
AN'—

YOU
CALL
THIS
LIVING?



I DON'T WANT TO
DIE! I DON'T!
I DON'T!
SOB SOB
SOB...

FA' CHRISSAKE
FOONT, GROW
UP! RISE ABOVE
YOUR OWN PRECIOUS
CARCASS JUST
LONG ENOUGH
TO— AHH,
WHAT'S THE USE!



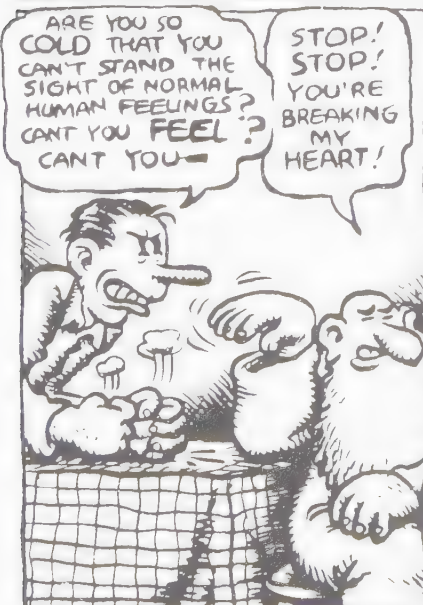
GODDAMN MORON DOESNT
KNOW 'IS ASS PROM 'IS ELBOW!
I'M CASTING MY PEARLS BEFORE
SWINE! THICKSKULLED
BASTARD! MIGHT 'S WELL BE
TALKIN' TO TH' WALL...
MUMBLE
GRUNBLE
MUTTER...

SMIFF...
HUH?



I GOTTA QUIT WASTING
MY BREATH 'N' JUST KEEP
THE PEASANTS AT ARM'S
LENGTH AN' STAY HOME
AN' PLAY MY SAXOPHONE
AN' MEDITATE... IT'S TH'
ONLY THING
TO DO...

WHAT?!



ARE YOU SO
COLD THAT YOU
CAN'T STAND THE
SIGHT OF NORMAL
HUMAN FEELINGS?
CAN'T YOU **FEEL**?
CAN'T YOU—

STOP!
STOP!
YOU'RE
BREAKING
MY
HEART!



LISTEN, SONNY, IF
YOU CAN'T HANDLE
IT ON MY LEVEL,
THEN, WELL,
UH...

WELL
WHAT?
YOU'LL TAKE
YOUR DOLLY
AND DISHES
AN' GO HOME,
RIGHT?

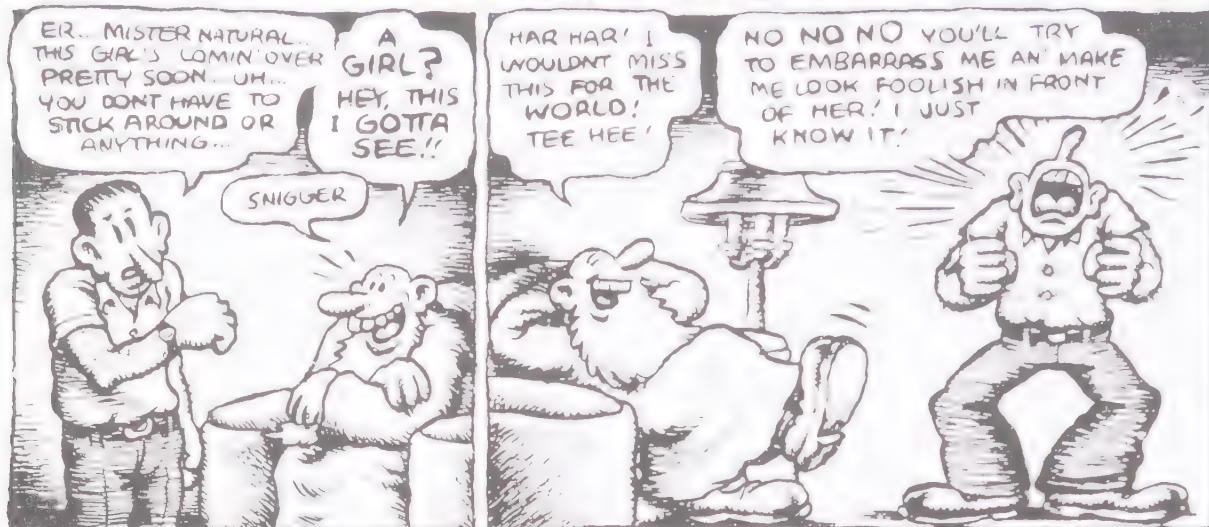


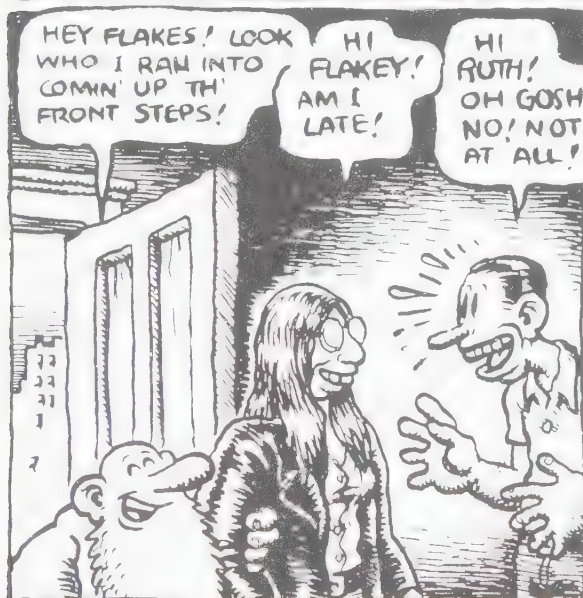
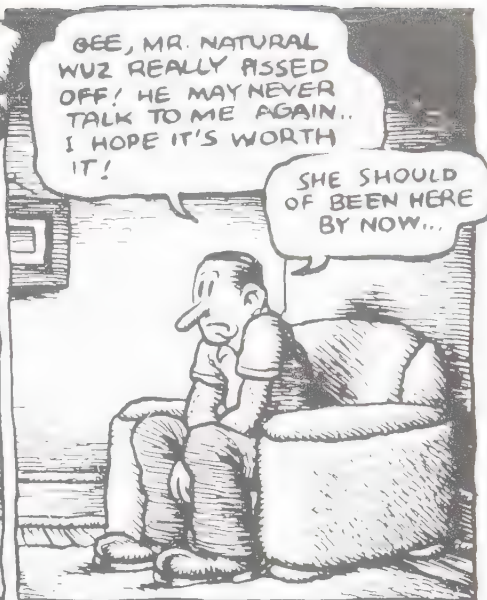
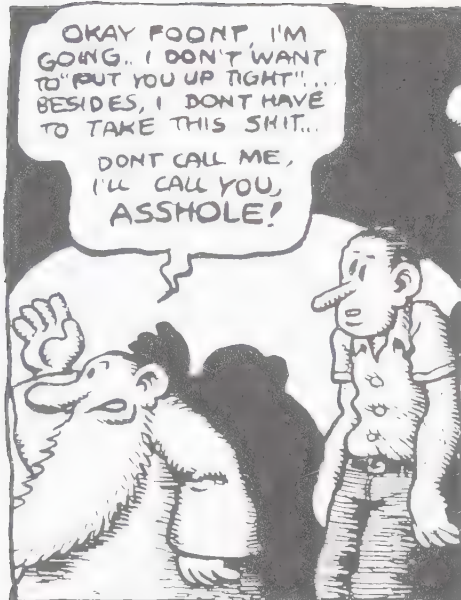
WHATEVER
YOU SAY,
GUMMO!

OH GHOD,
YOU VEX
ME!

Mr. Natural

in "THE GIRLFRIEND"





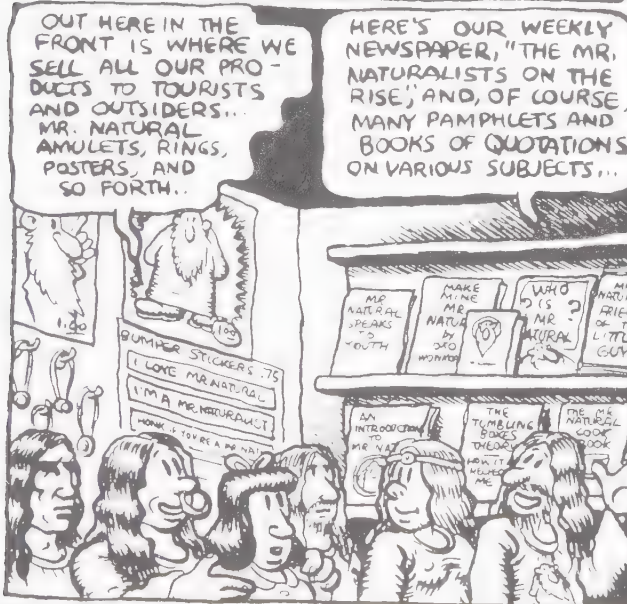
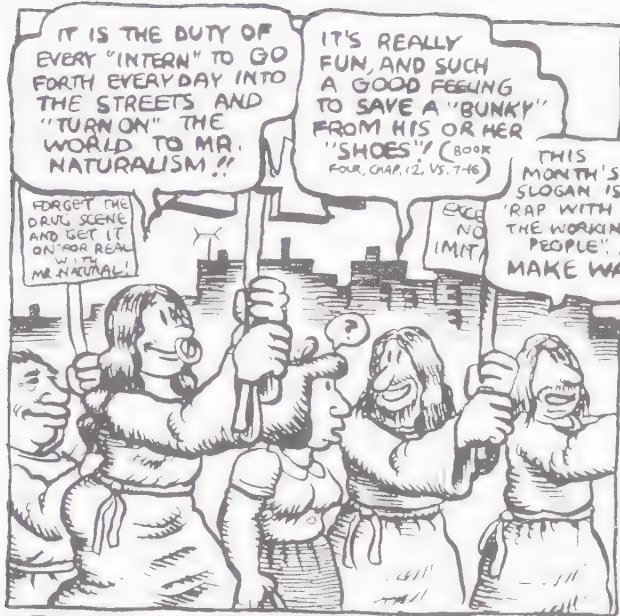


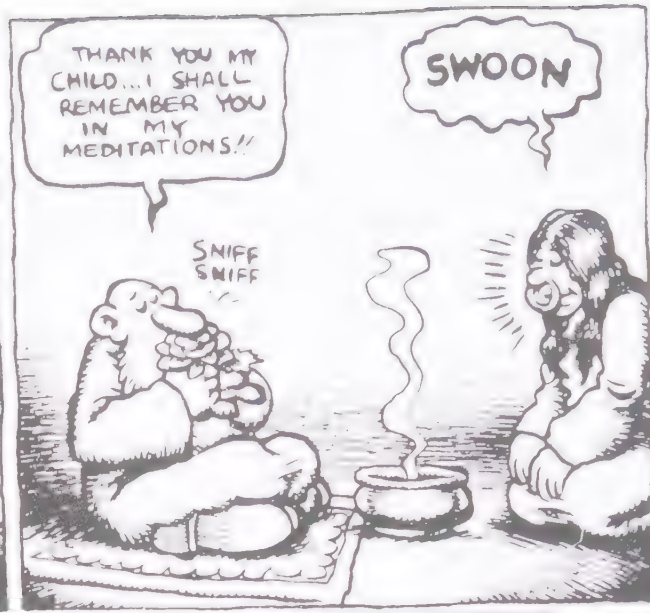


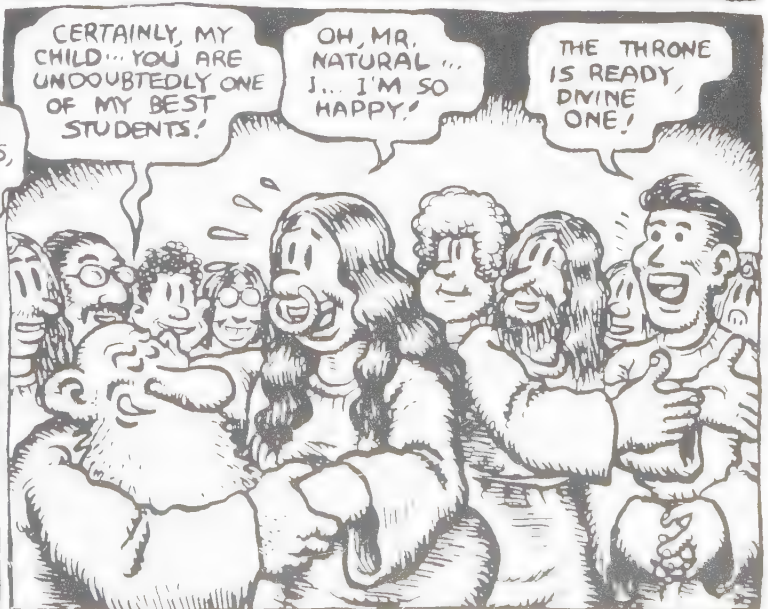
The End

Mr. Natural



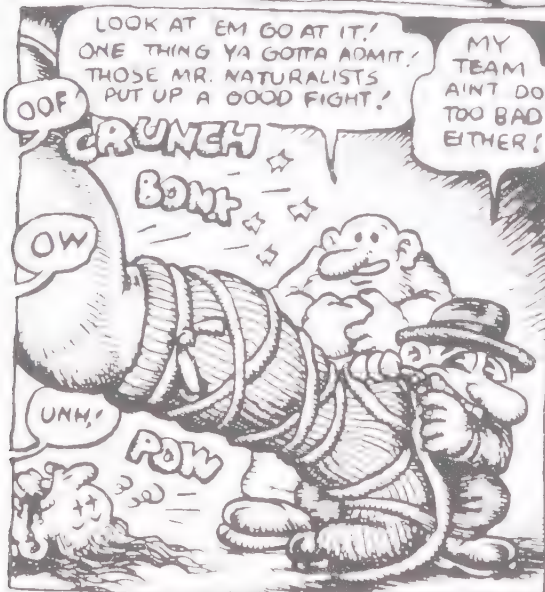








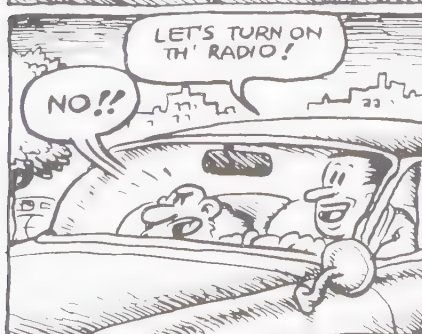
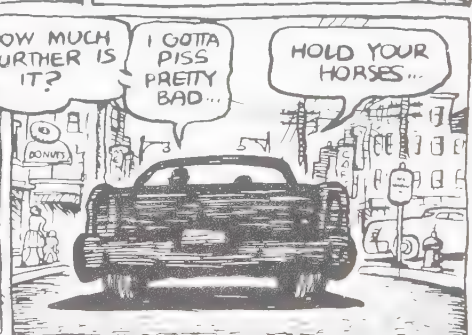
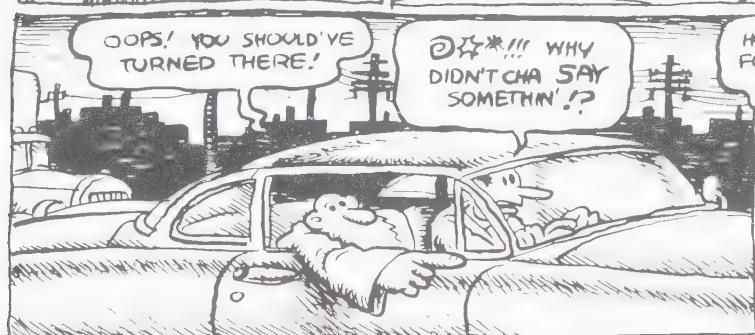
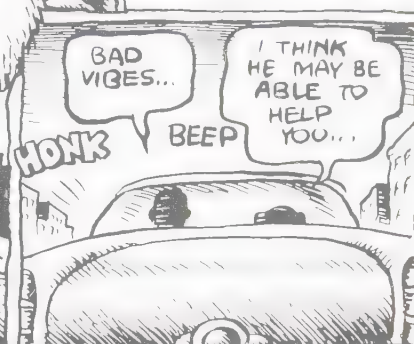
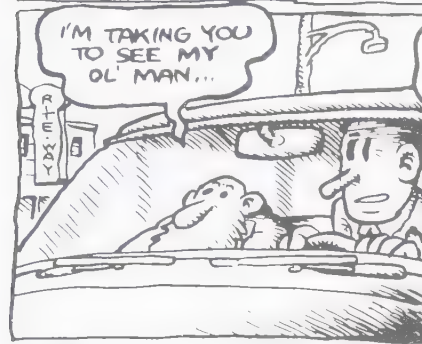




Mr Natural



by R.
"RUBBER BOOT"
CRUMB





HOW COME HE LIVES IN SUCH A SLEAZY PLACE?

HE'S POOR, I GUESS.

KNOCK KNOCK

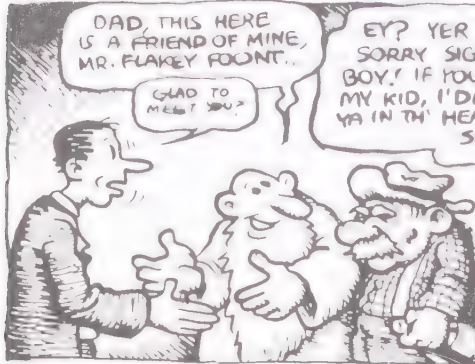


FRED! HOW YE BEEN, KEEPER? C'MON IN!

HI DAD! YER LOOKIN' FIT AS A FIDDLE!!



CARE FOR A SNORT? WHO'S TH' GIMP?



DAD, THIS HERE IS A FRIEND OF MINE, MR. FLAKEY FOONT.

GLAD TO MEET YOU?

EY? YER A SORRY SIGHT, BOY! IF YOU 'UZ MY KID, I'DA SHOT YA IN TH' HEAD LONG SINCE!

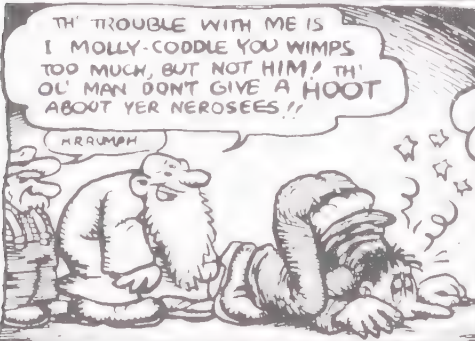


CONARN WHIPPER-SNAPPIN' SNOT-NOSE PUNK!!

DAD



THAT'S TELLIN' 'IM, POP!



TH' TROUBLE WITH ME IS I MOLLY-CODDLE YOU WIMPS TOO MUCH, BUT NOT HIM! TH' OL' MAN DONT GIVE A HOOT ABOUT YER NEROSSES!!

RRUMPH



IF YOU WANT MY OPINION HES A HATEFUL OLD CRANK!

AHH! PHHH!!

HEH HEH. NOW NOW.



I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL, FLAKEY... I USETA HATE TH' OL' BUZZARD TOO WHEN I WAS YOUNG... BUT NOW I THANK 'IM FOR BEIN' TOUGH WITH ME..

HEY, THAT STUFF DONT GO IN THIS DAY 'N' AGE!!



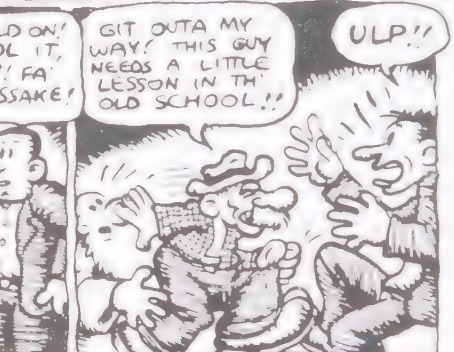
IT'S GUYS LIKE HIM THAT WOULD LIKE T' SEE THIS COUNTRY GO BACK TO TH' VICTORIAN ERA, WHEN MEN WERE MEN AN' ALL THAT CRAP!

YER DARN TOOTIN' MISTER!!



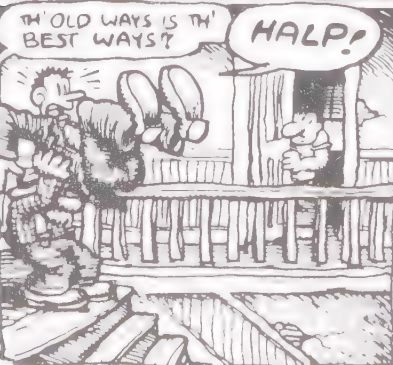
ONE MORE WORD OUTA YOU AN' I'LL BUST YER GODDAMN PUNKIN' HEAD, YA FRIGGIN' FAGGOT! WHY, I OUGHTA..

HOLD ON! LOOL IT, POP! FA' CHRISSAKE!



GIT OUTA MY WAY! THIS GUY NEEDS A LITTLE LESSON IN TH' OLD SCHOOL!!

ULP!!



TH' OLD WAYS IS TH' BEST WAYS?

HALP!



I THINK YOU WERE A LITTLE TOO HARD ON 'IM, POP. HE'S NOT A BAD GUY..

AM HE HAD IT COMIN'!

TUMBLE

CRASH YOW!

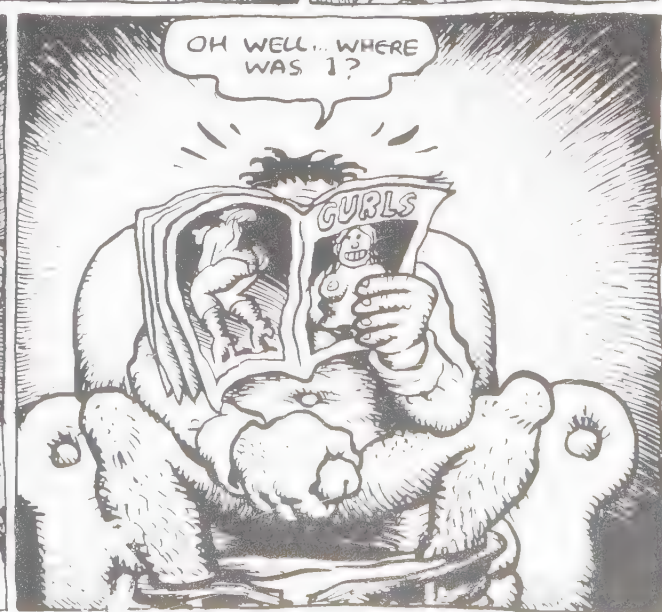
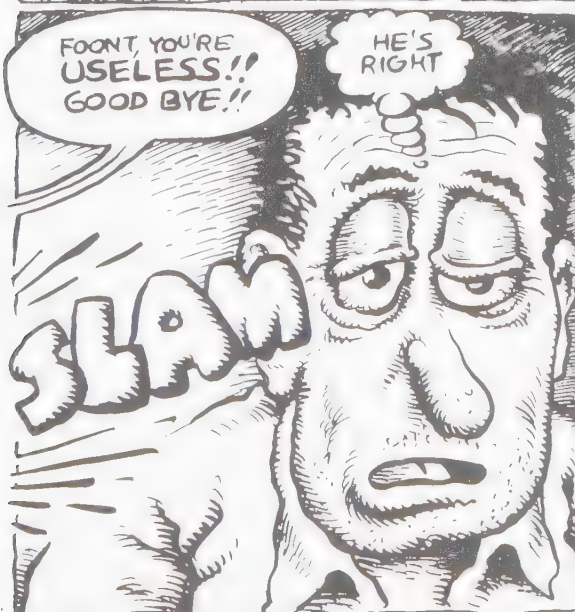
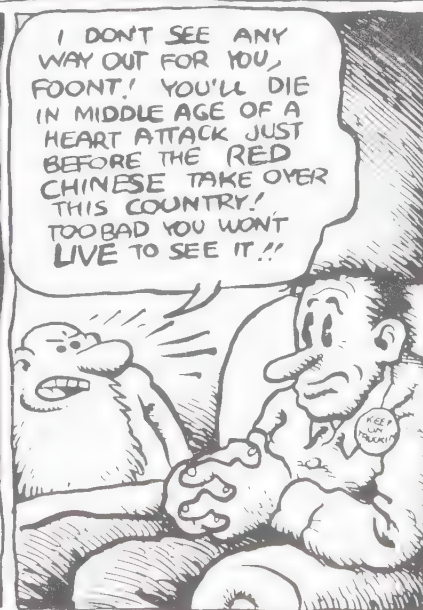
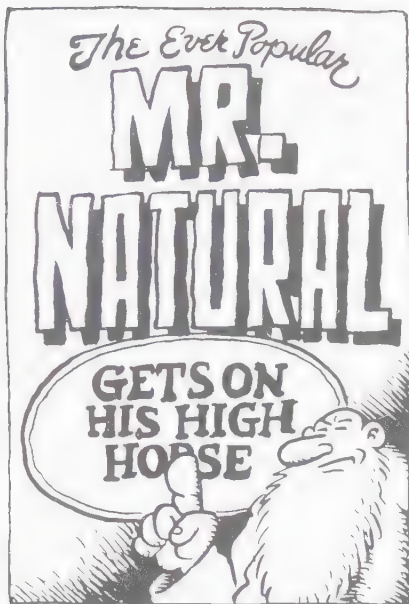
SCREECH!

THUD



SOB. WHAT'S HAPPENED TO TH' AMERICA I ONCE KNEW. SOB CHOKER..

HEH HEH THAT'S MY POP!



Mr. Natural meets "The Kid"

©1973 by T. CRUMB

WHEW!
WHAT
A DAY!!

THIS MISERABLE
DESERT IS PUTTIN'
ME THROUGH HELL
THIS YEAR...I'VE
NEVER SEEN IT SO
HOT!!

EVERY DAY A NEW
PLAGUE COMES TO
TEST MY SOUL...

HORDES OF WASPS
ARE EVERYWHERE!!

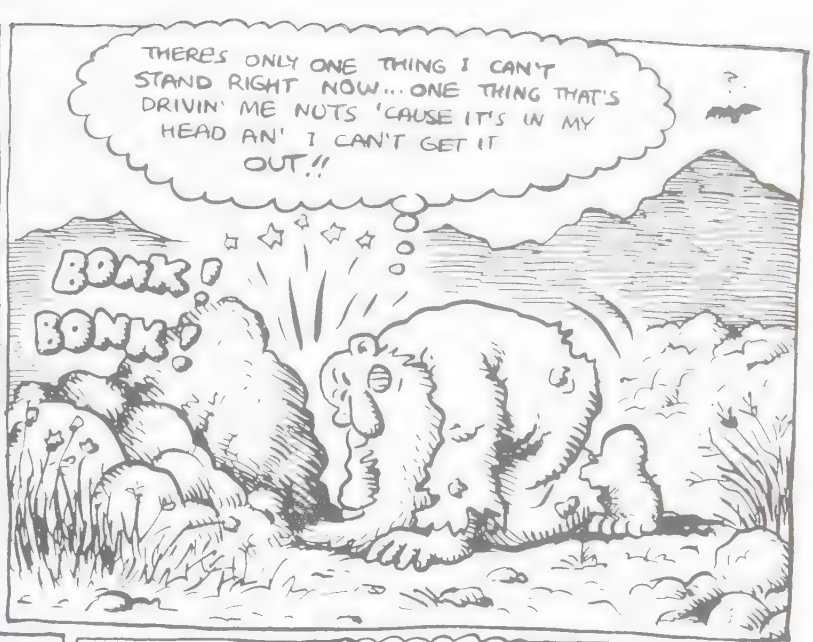
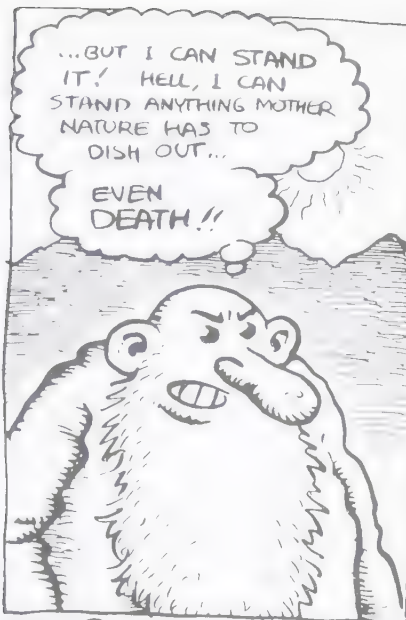
GIT, YOU
STOOPID...

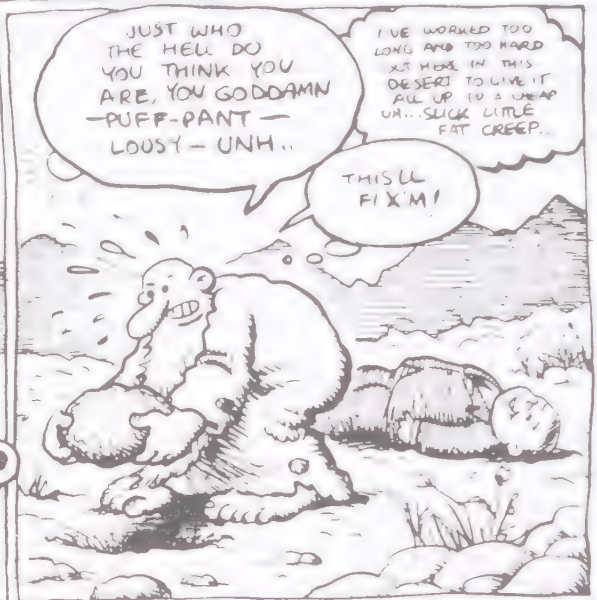
NEW VIRULENT BREEDS
OF THORNY BRAMBLES
COVER THE GROUND!

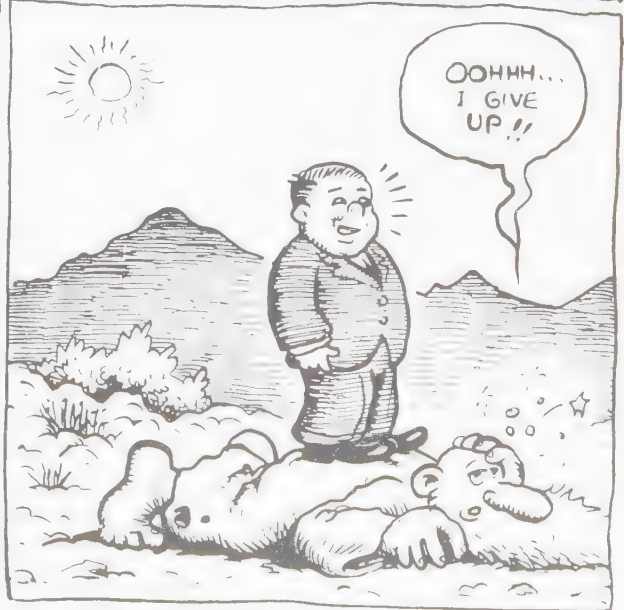
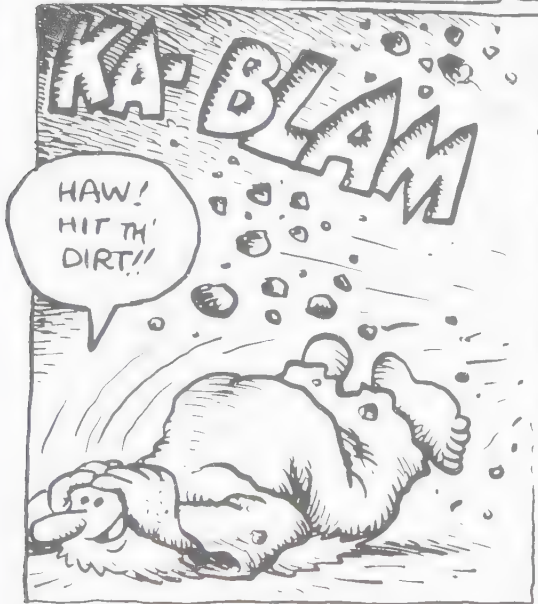
OWCH!! MY
FEET ARE FULL
OF CUTS AND
SCRATCHES!!

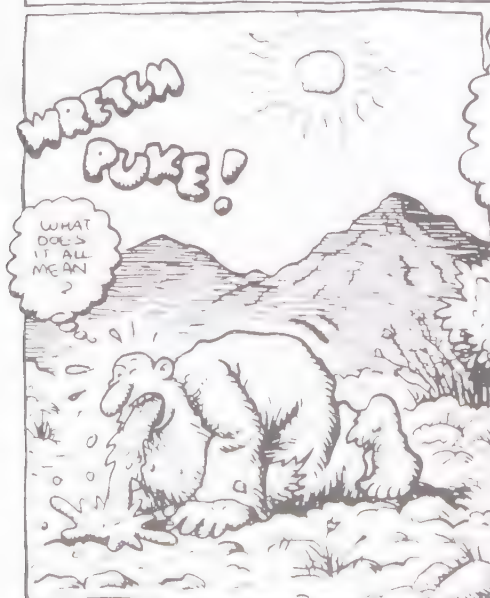
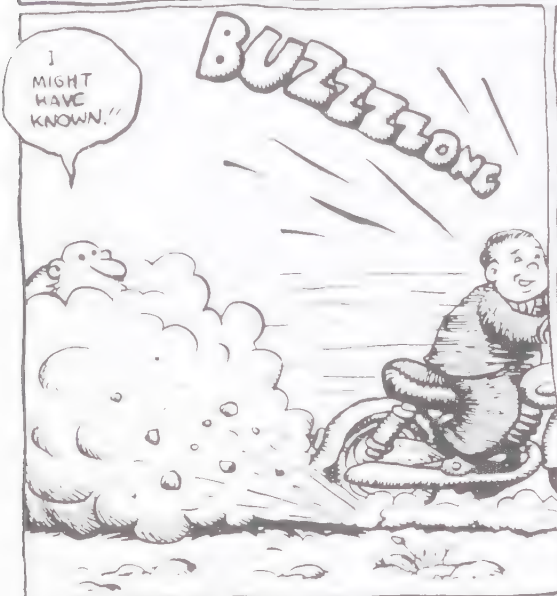
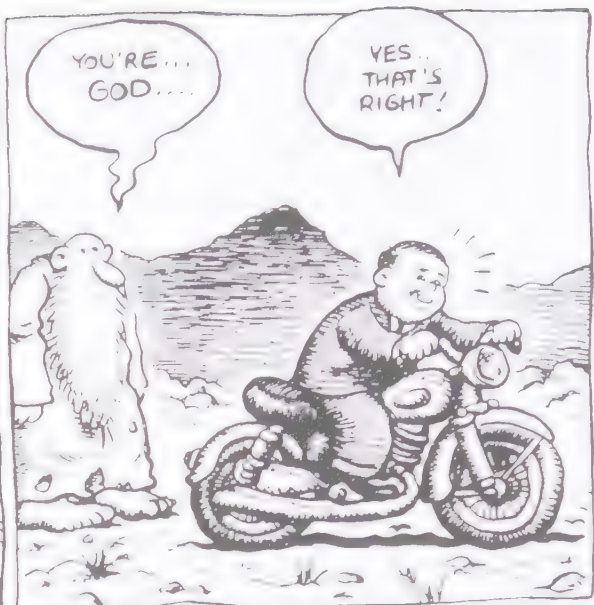
SANDSTORMS STING MY
EYES!! HOT WINDS FROM
HADES PARCH MY SUN-
BURNT SKIN, DAY AFTER
DAY...

IT'S A TOUGH
LIFE... THERE'S NO
GETTING AWAY
FROM IT!!









MR. NATURAL HITCHES A RIDE TO THE CITY...

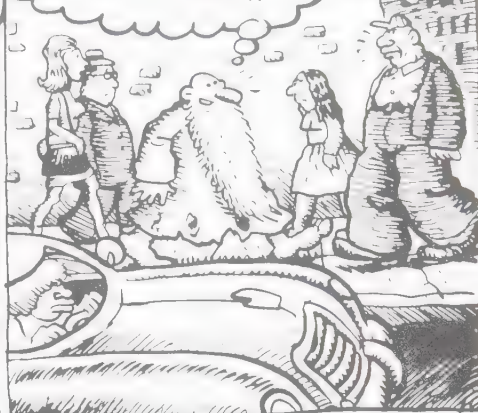
HEY, LATER, MAN!
TAKE IT EASY!!

SAME T'YOU, MY
FRIEND, AND DON'T
FORGET TO KEEP ON
THE SUNNYSIDE OF
LIFE, 'CAUSE EVERY
CLOUD HAS A SILVER
LINING...

HEH
HEH

AH IT'S GOOD TO
BE BACK IN THE HUSTLE
AND BUSTLE OF HUMAN
SOCIETY AGAIN...
DIDN'T REALIZE HOW
MUCH I'D MISSED
IT 'TIL NOW!!

JEEZU!
CHRIST!!



HMMM... GHOD, THERE SURE
ARE ALOT OF SEXY BROADS
IN THIS BURG!

LOOKIE
HERE!!

THIS ONE LOOKS LIKE
A PUSH-OVER FOR MY
TYPE OF COME-ON...

JUST
WATCH
ME!!

HI, TOOTS!
SAY, HAVEN'T
WE —

SHHH!!
HERE THEY
COME!!
HERE THEY
COME!!

HUH? WHA-
COME??
WHO?



THE KID'S A COMER!



OY!

The End!

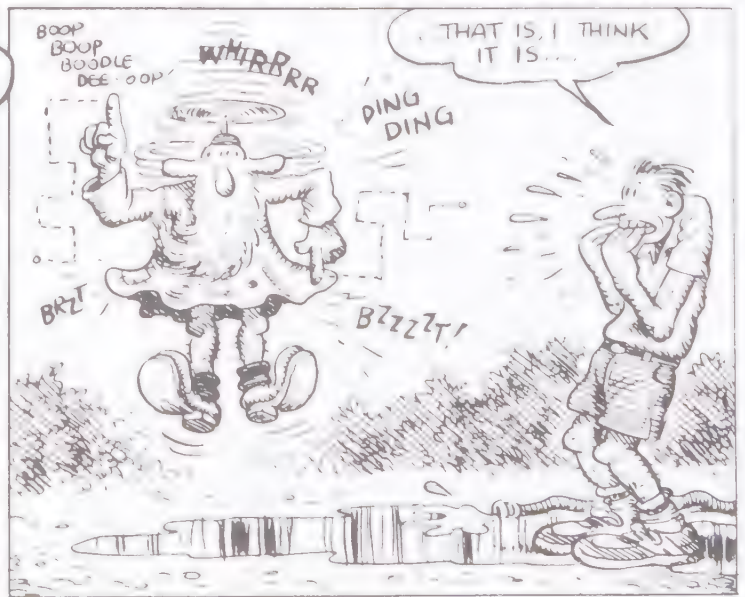
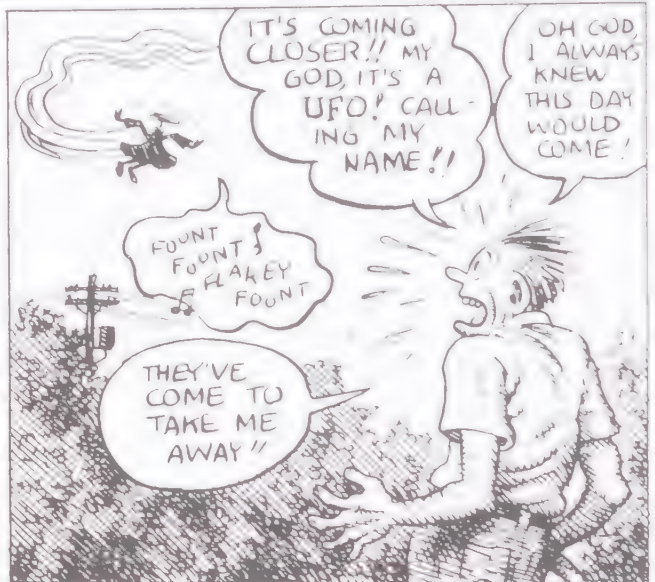
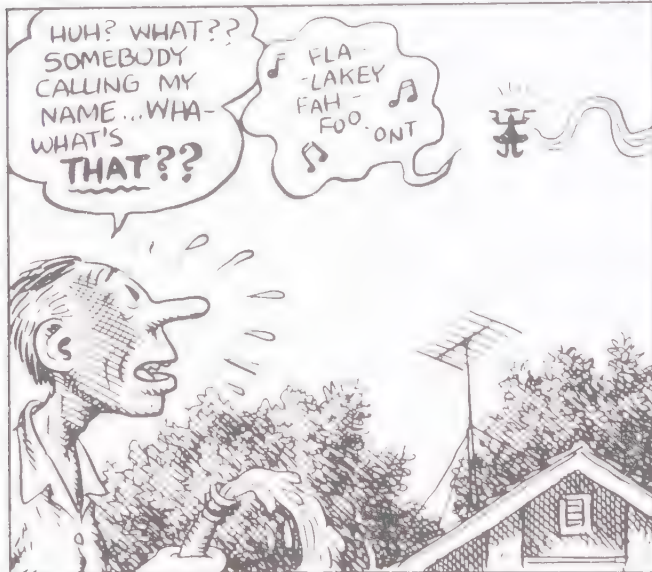
UH OH! HE'S BACK!

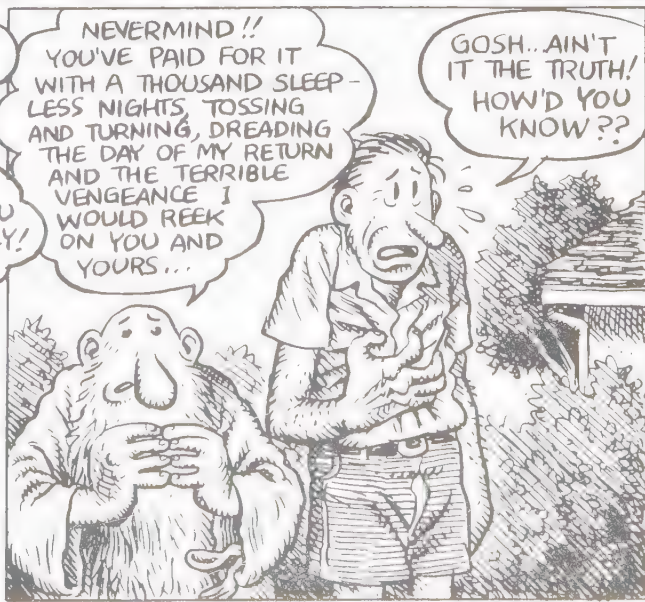
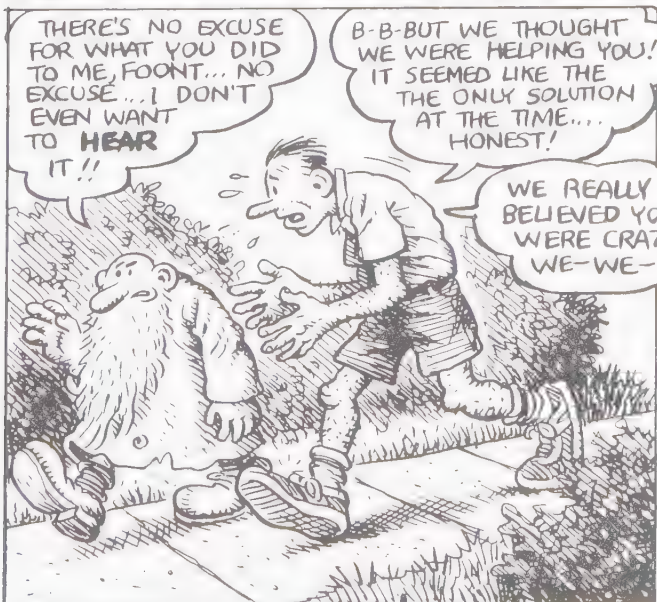
WHO'S BACK? YOU'LL FIND OUT!

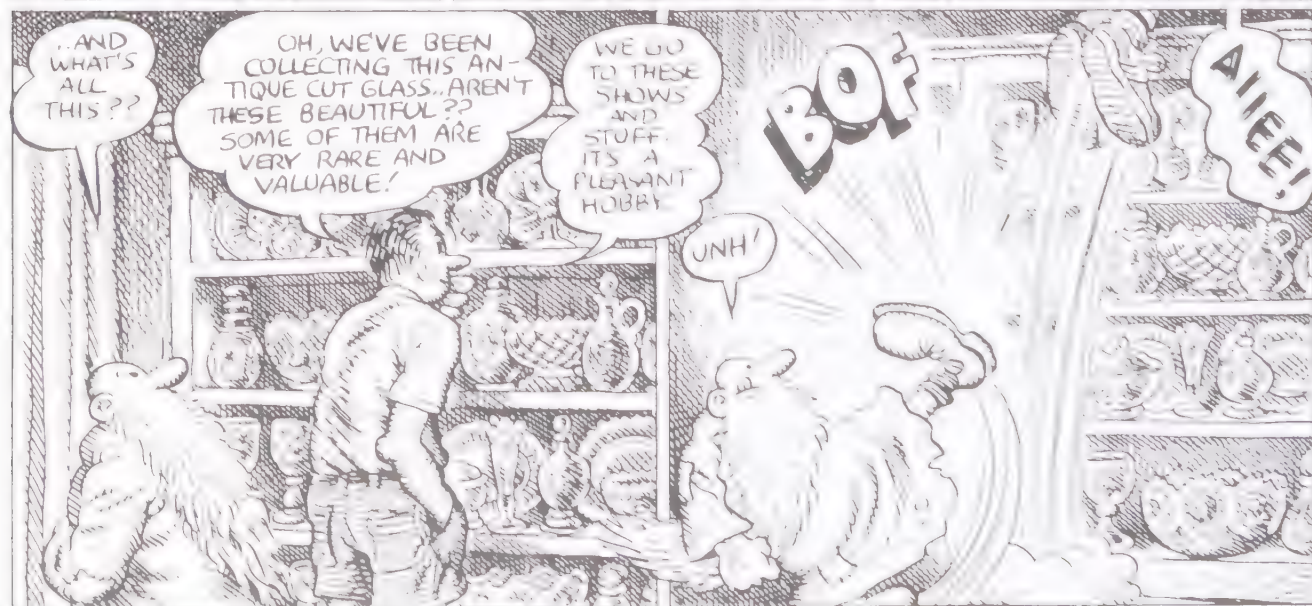
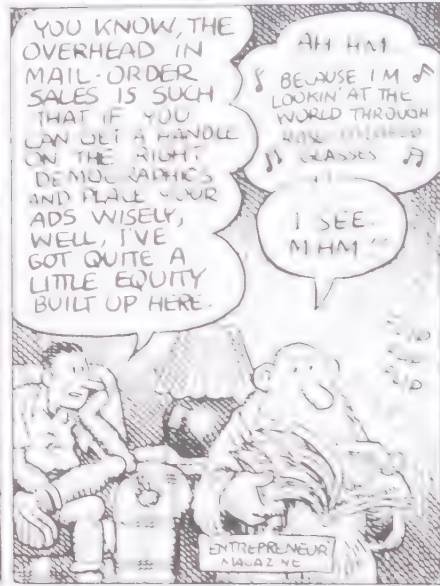
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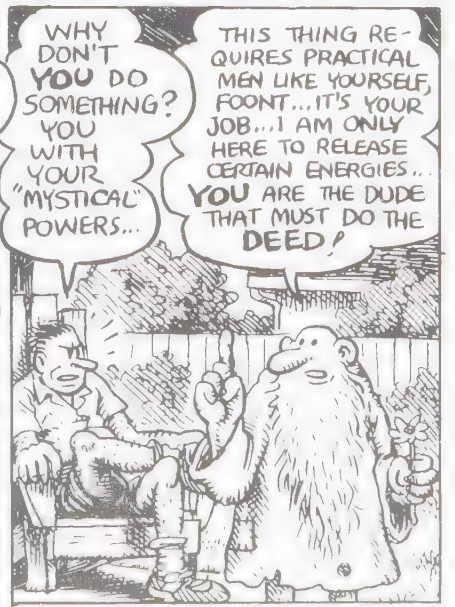
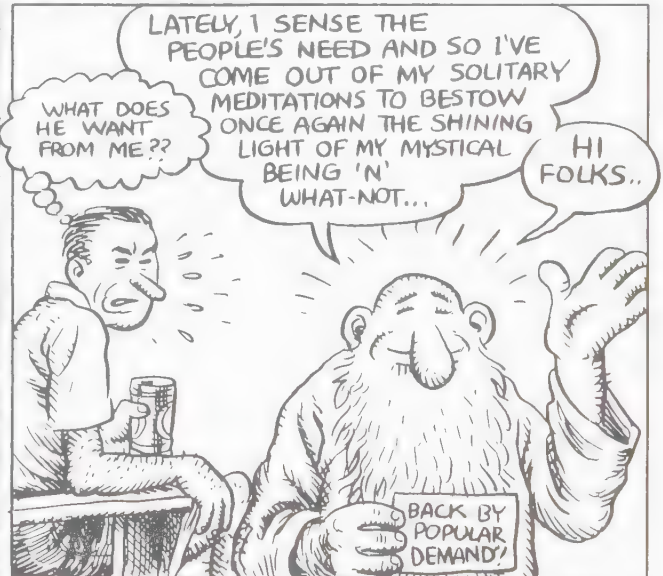
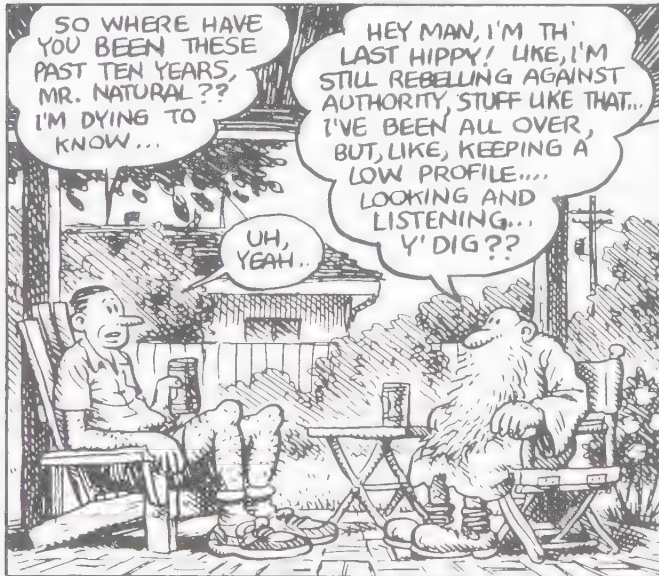
THOSE DIRTY
◎★!?! TRYIN'A
BEAT ME OUTA MY
FAIR SHARE OF THE
GOOD
LIFE!

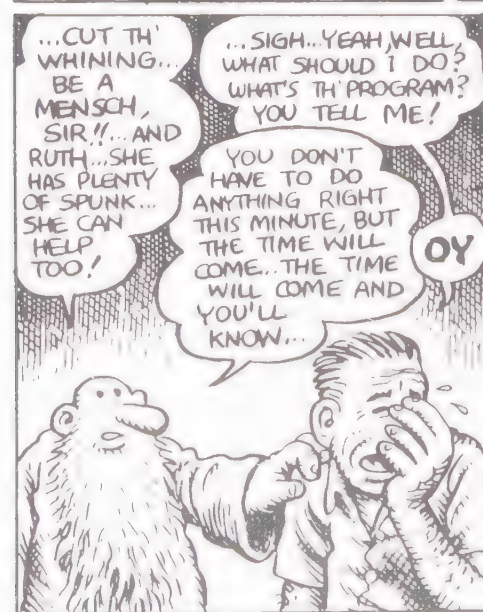
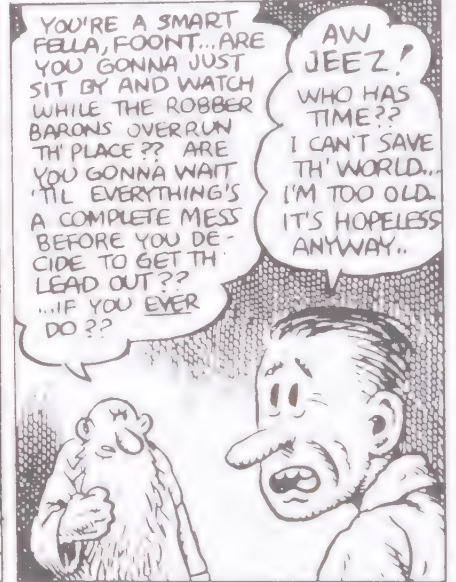
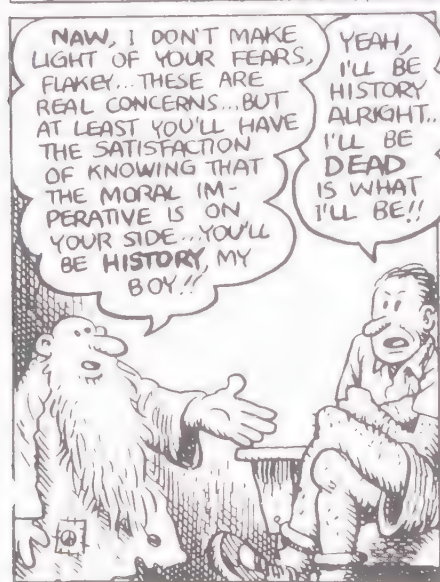
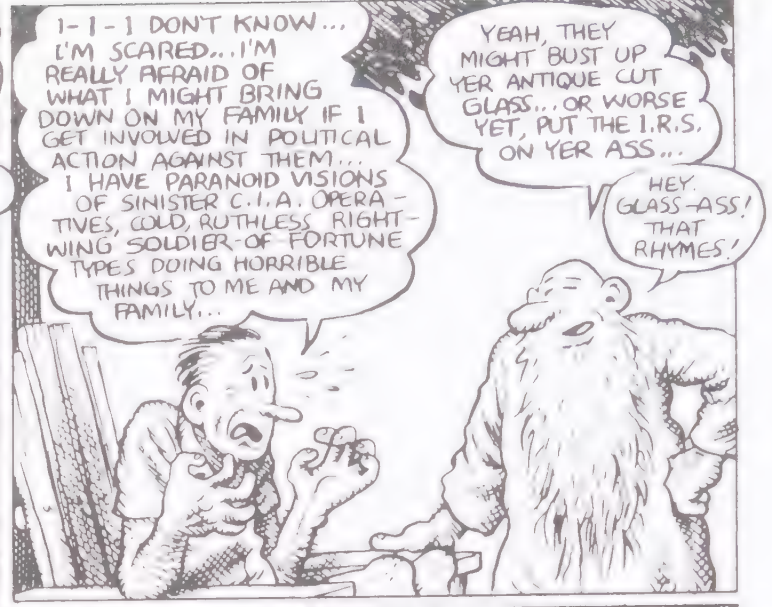
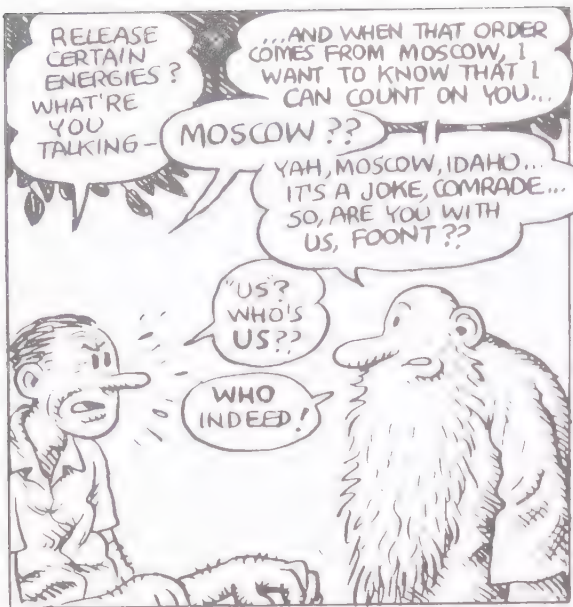
OH FO-O-ONT
OH FLAKEY FO-O-UNT
YOOO HOOO





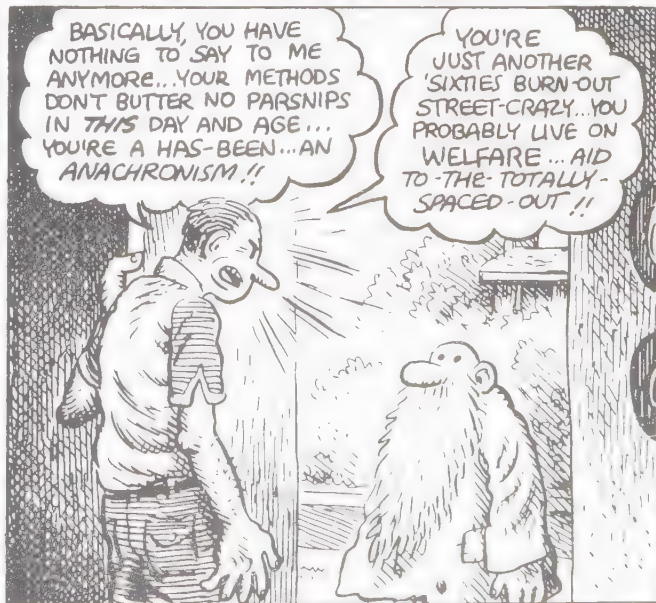
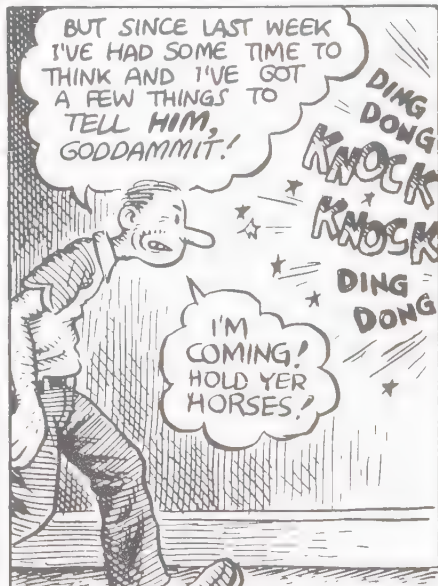
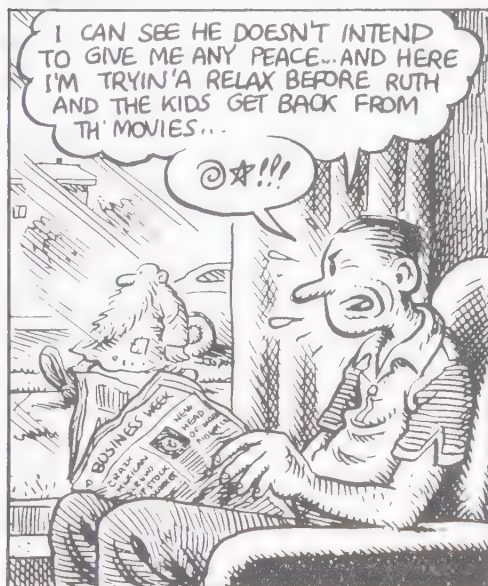
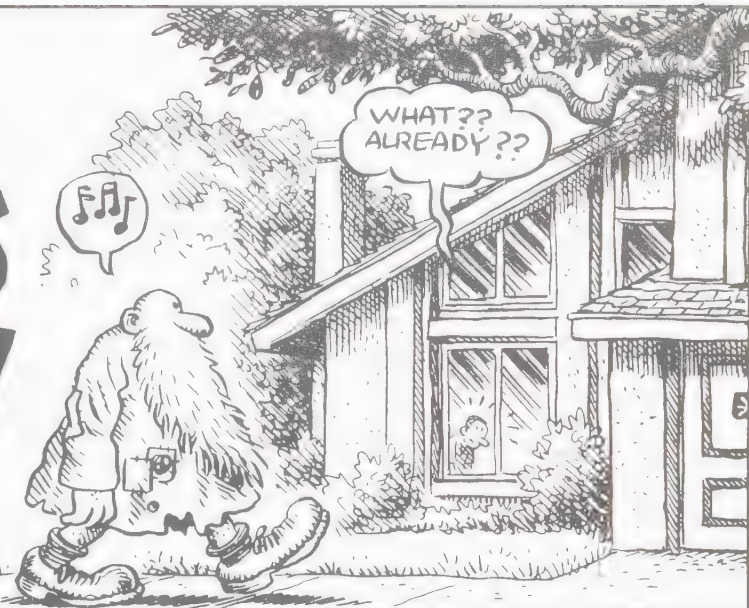


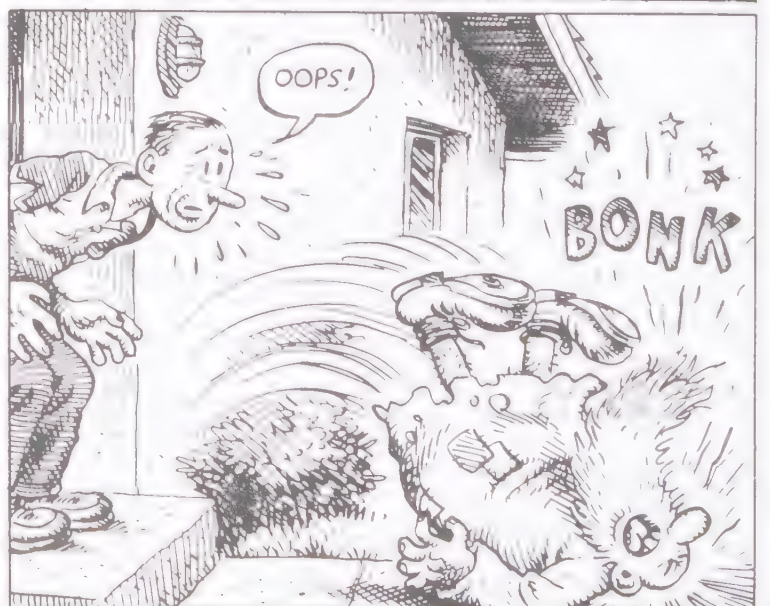
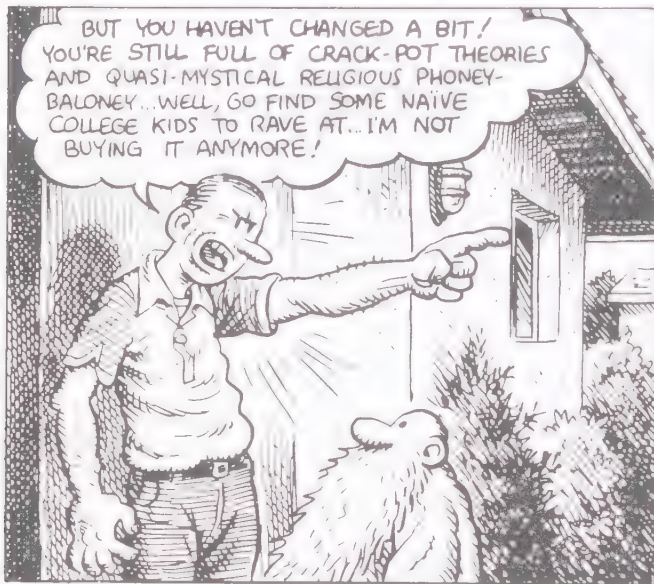
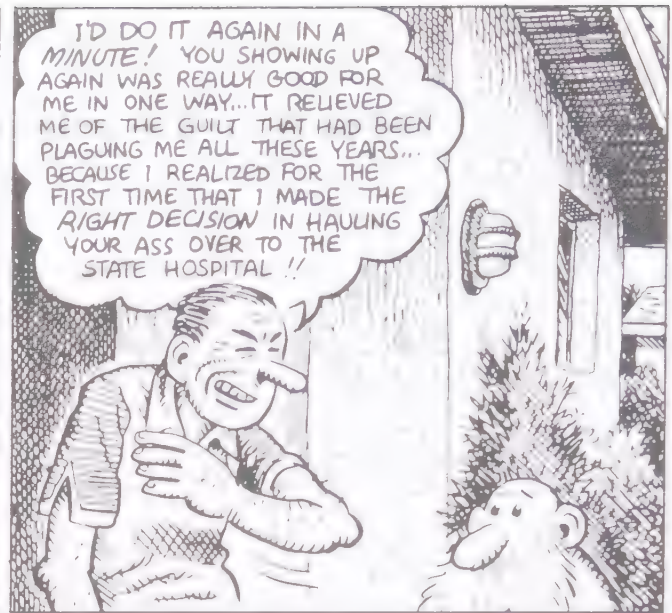


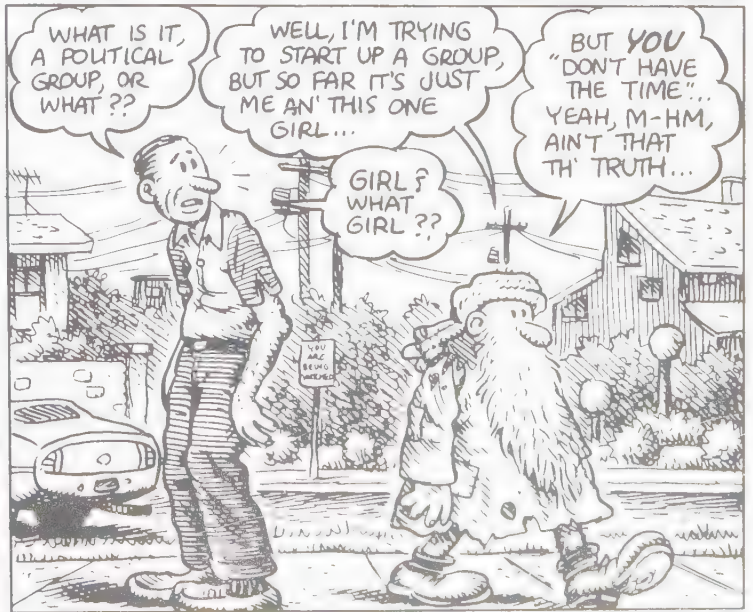
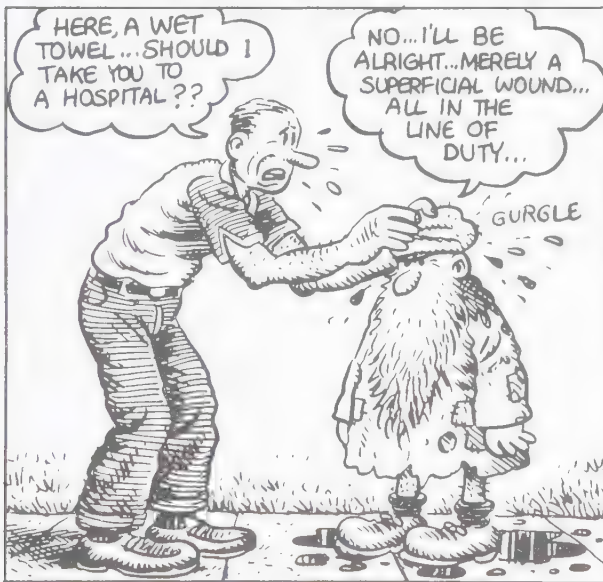


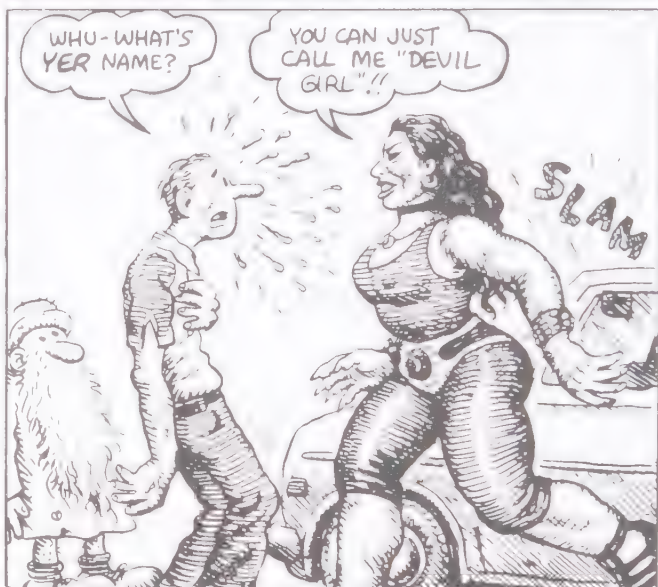
HERE HE COMES AGAIN!

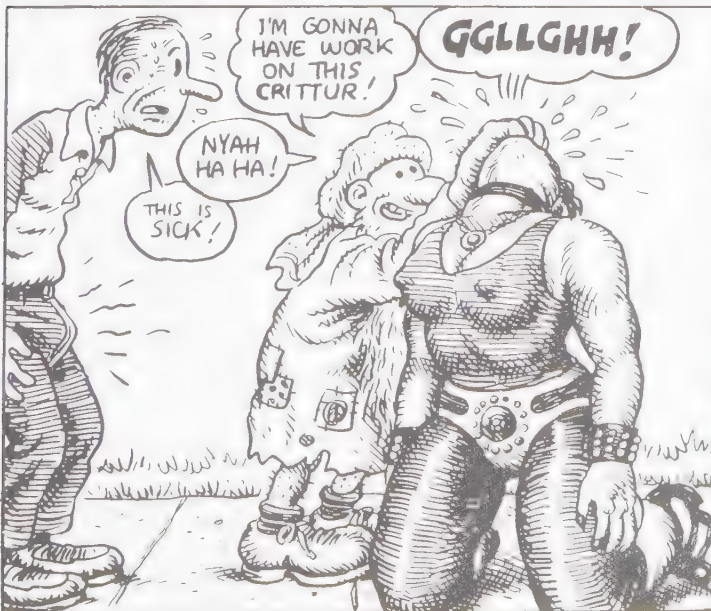
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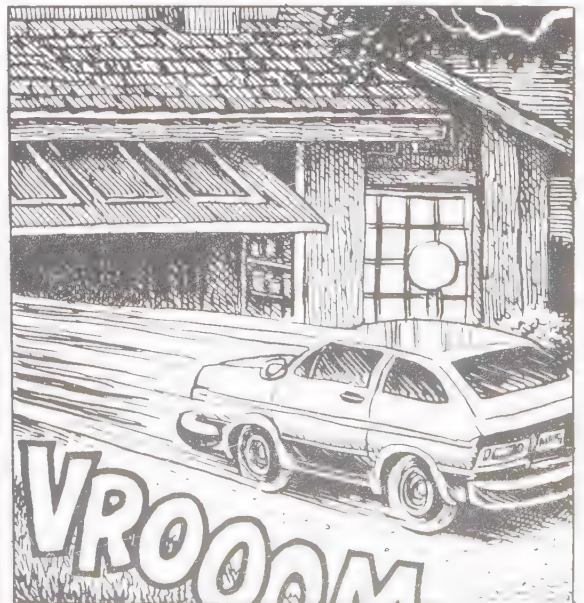
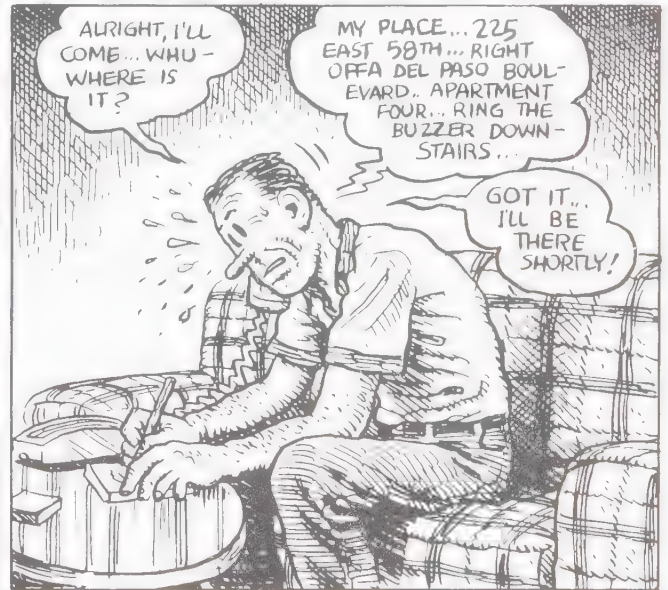
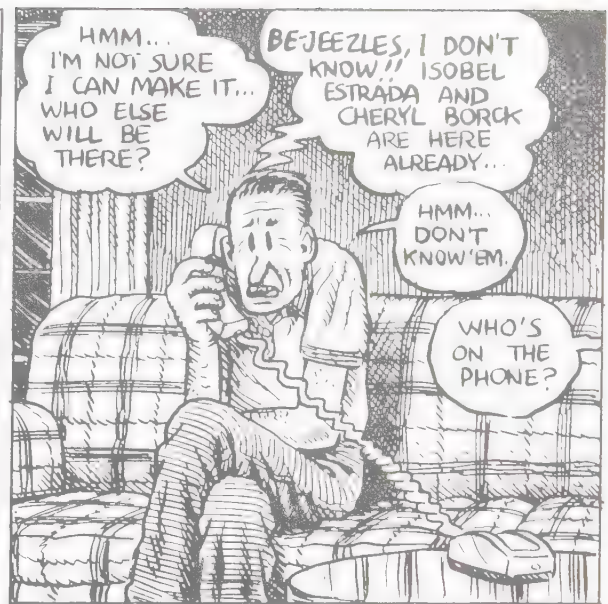
THE MEETING

IT'S JUST AFTER DINNERTIME IN THE SUBURBS. THE DRONE OF TV SETS IS ALL THAT'S HEARD AS THE HUSH OF NIGHT BEGINS TO FALL. BUT UNDERNEATH THE TRANQUILITY AND WELL-BEING MEN'S SOULS ARE HAUNTED BY SEETHING, SQUIRMING, UNNAMEABLE THINGS...THINGS THAT THREATEN TO SHATTER ALL THEY'VE WORKED TO ACHIEVE!



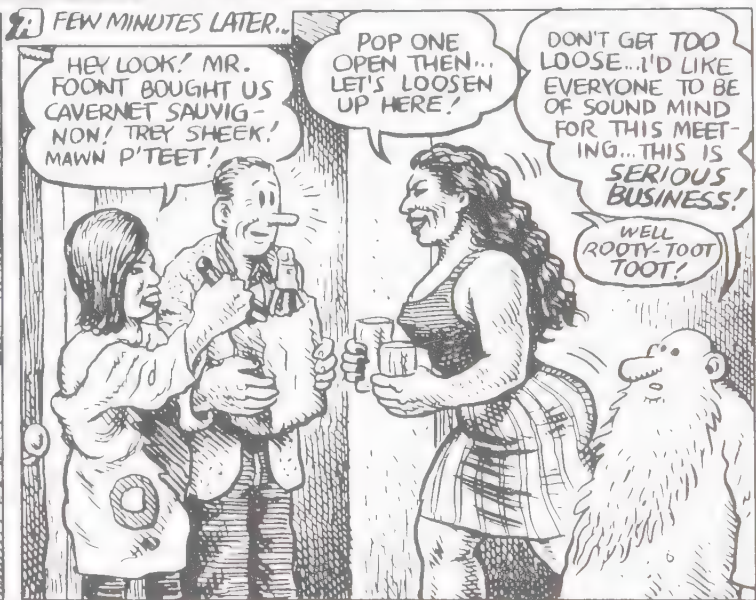
R. RUMB 87

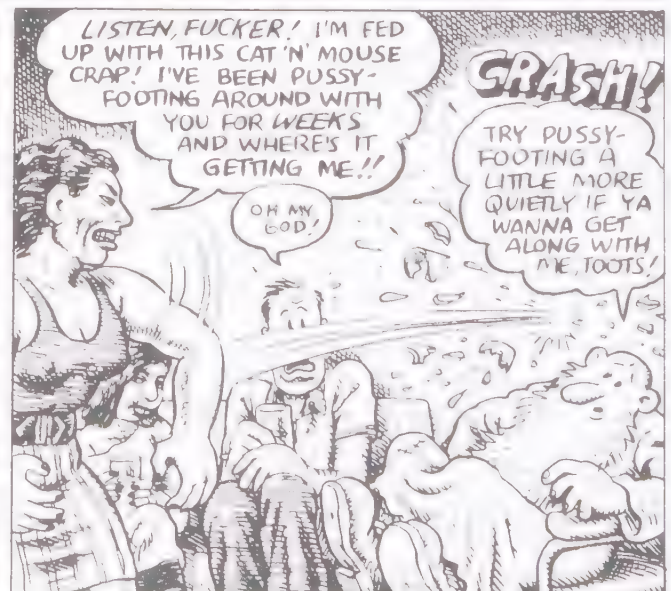


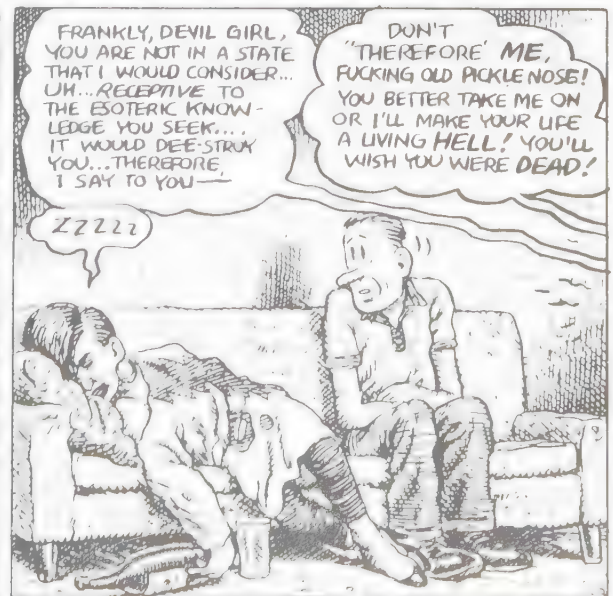
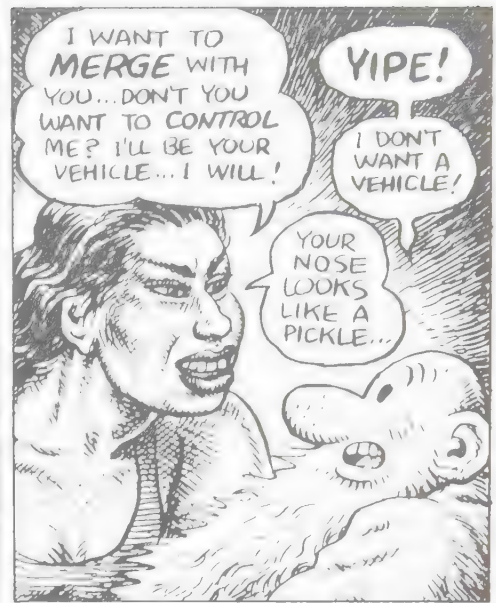


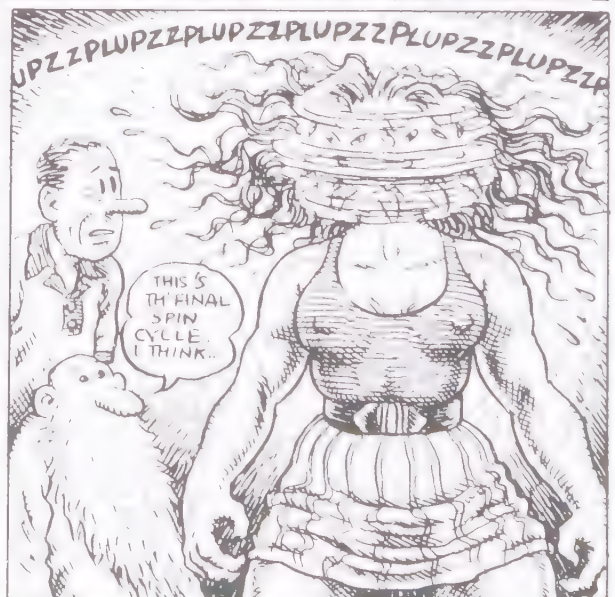
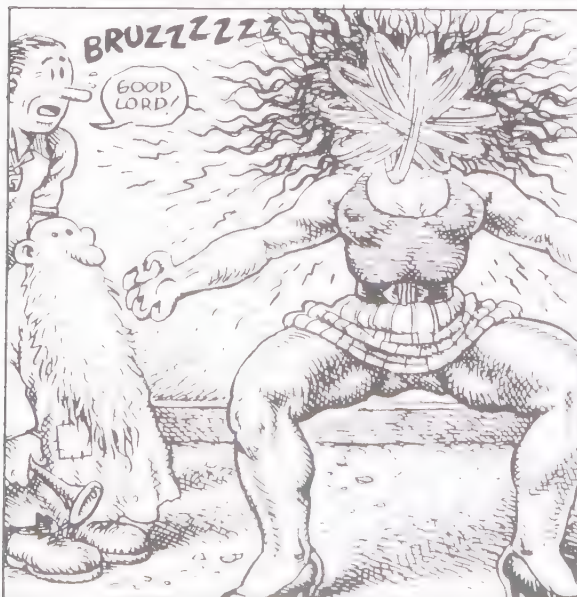
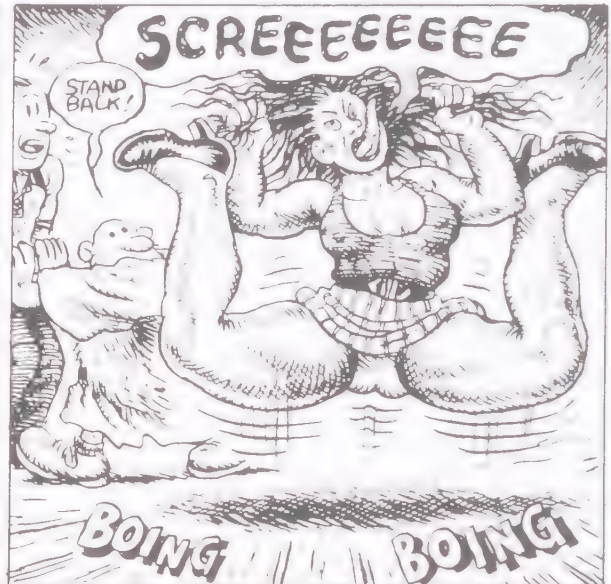
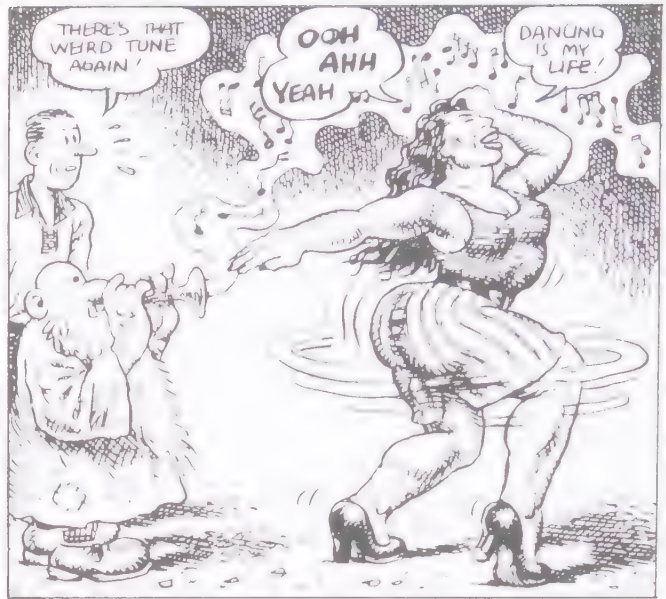
TEN MINUTES LATER...

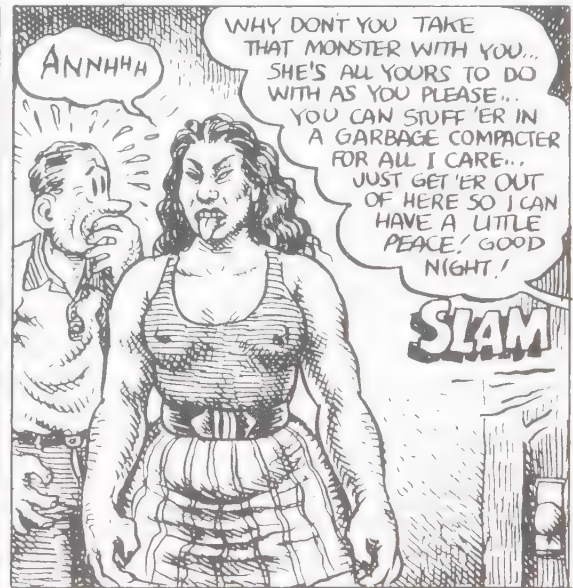
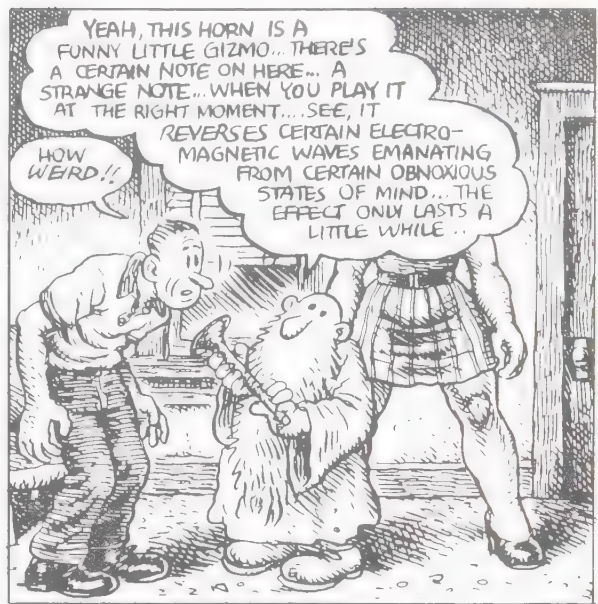


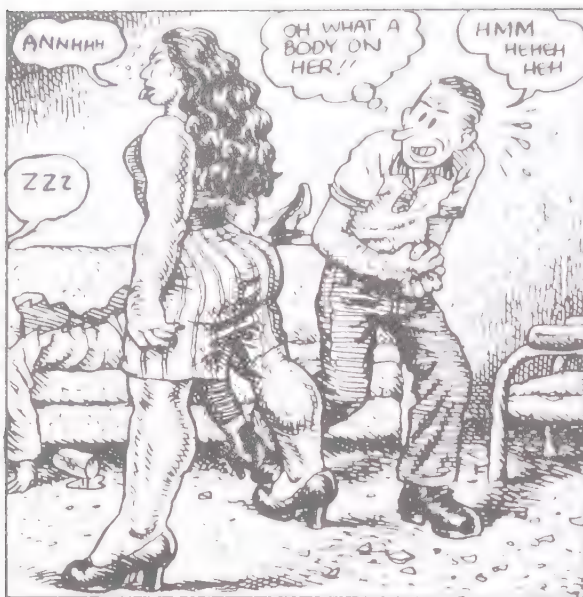




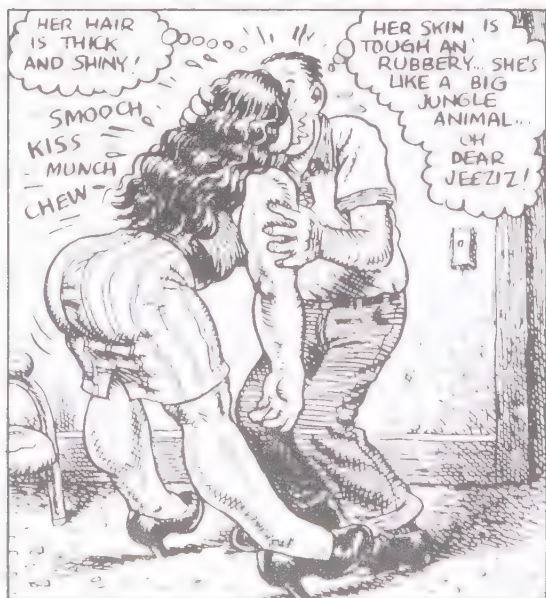


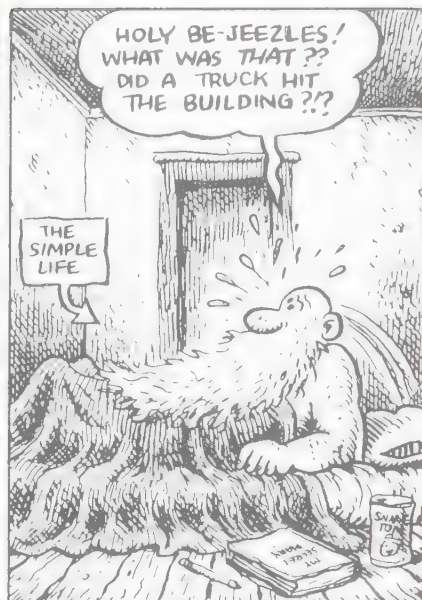


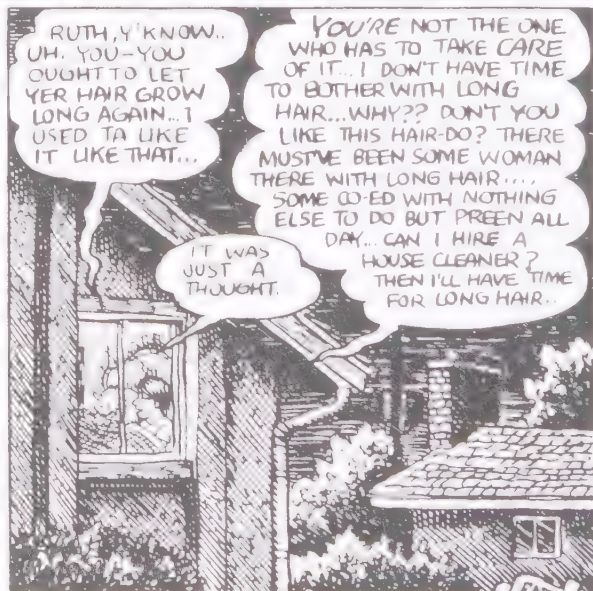
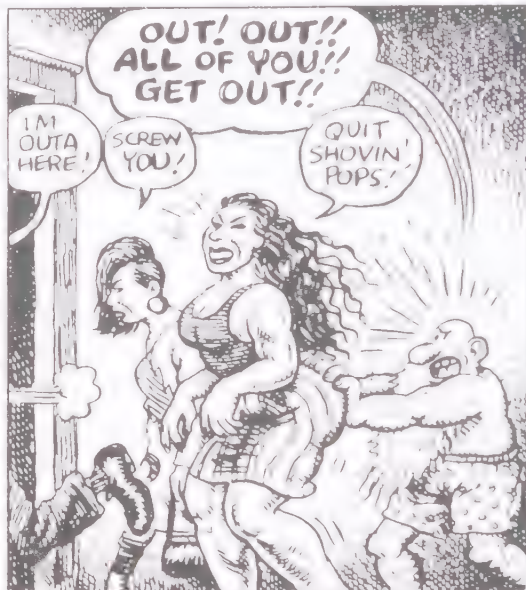












MR. NATURAL

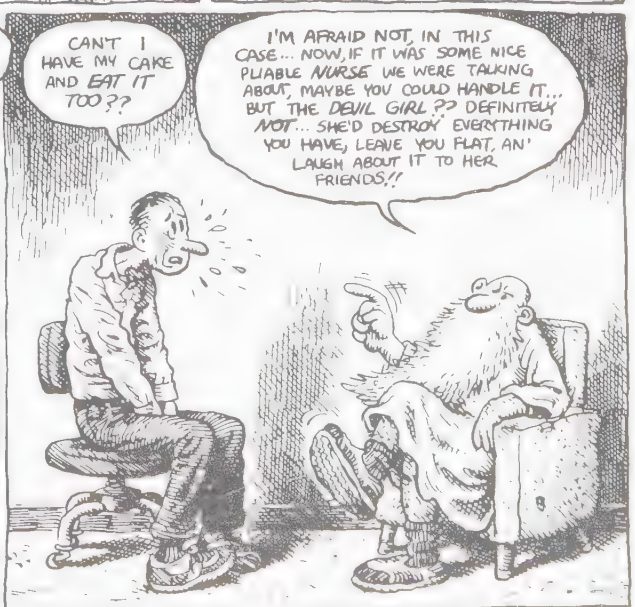
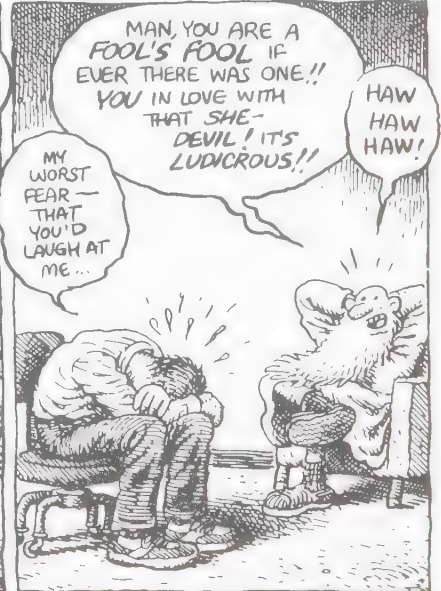
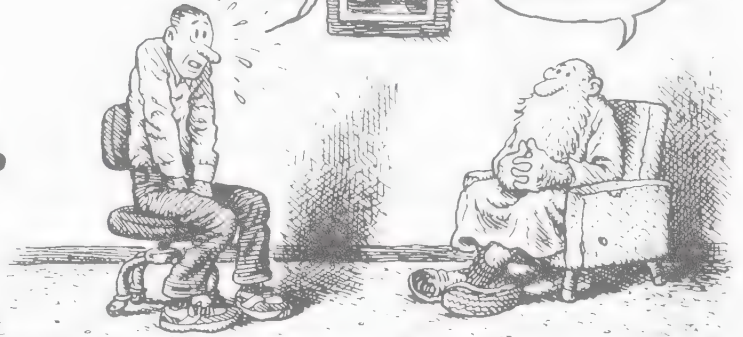
"HE'S A
NATURAL
MAN!"

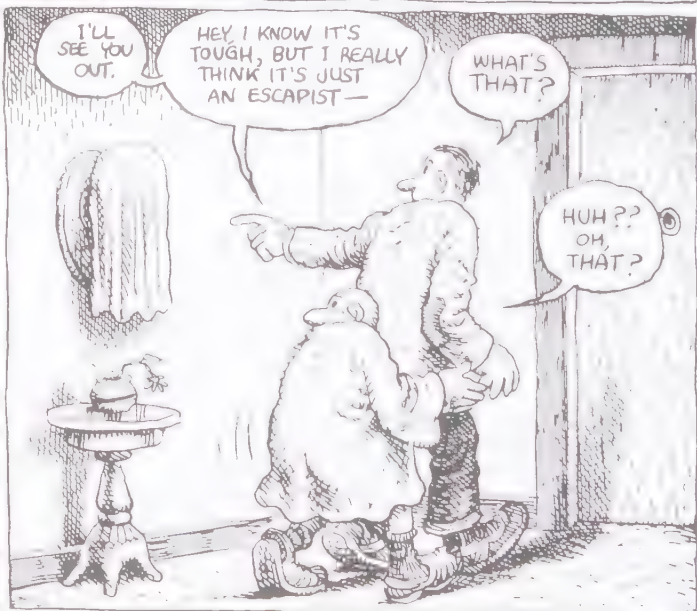
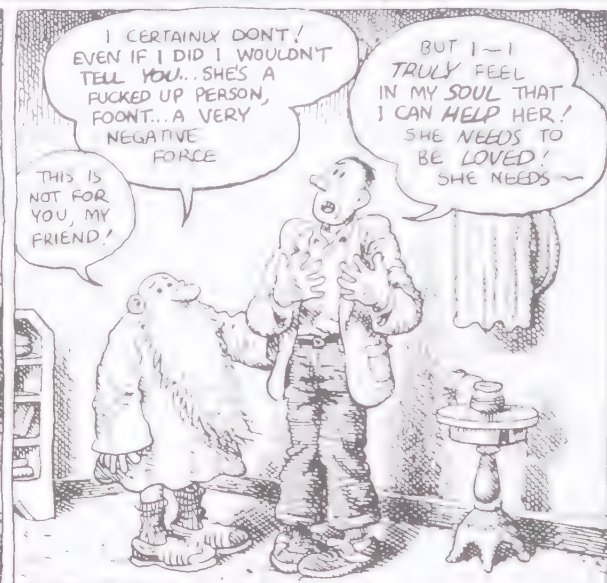
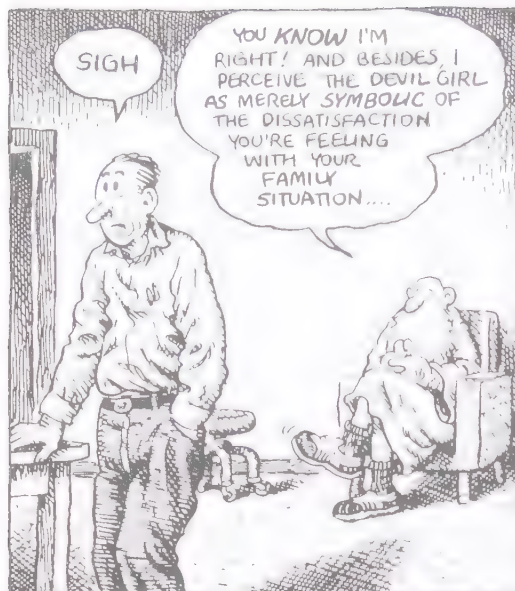
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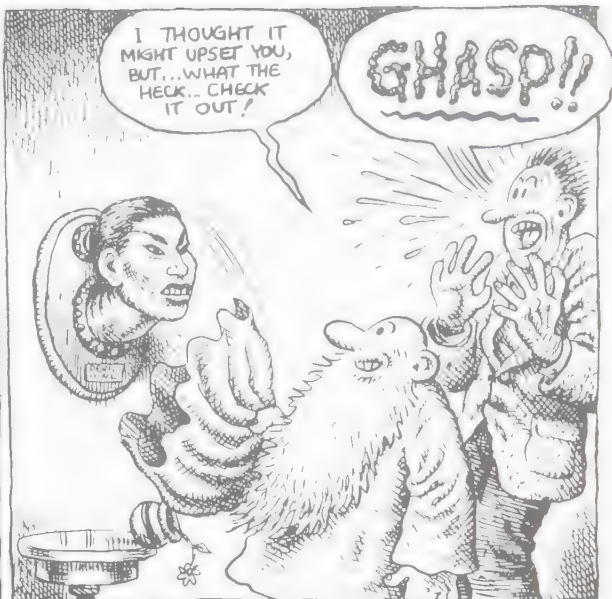
DON'T BE EMBARRASSED,
FLAKEY FOONT~ LET IT OUT!

IT'S HARD FOR
ME, MR. NATURAL...
I FEEL LIKE SUCH AN
IDOT! I'M TOO
OLD FOR THIS
NONSENSE!

WELL, IF YOU CAN'T
TALK TO ME ABOUT IT,
WHO CAN YOU TALK TO
ABOUT IT?? I, WHO'VE
SEEN YOU THROUGH
SO MUCH FOOLISH
NONSENSE!!

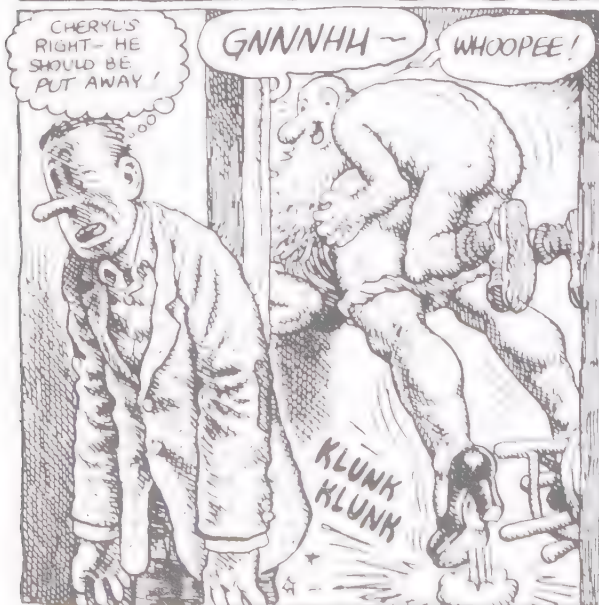
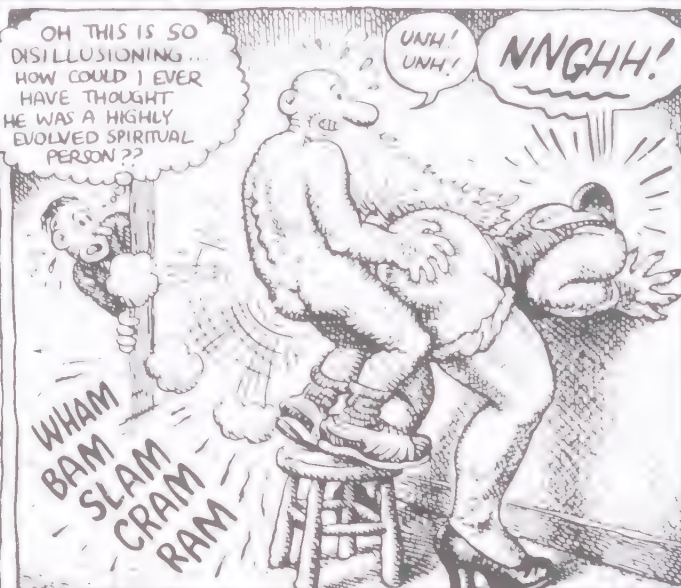
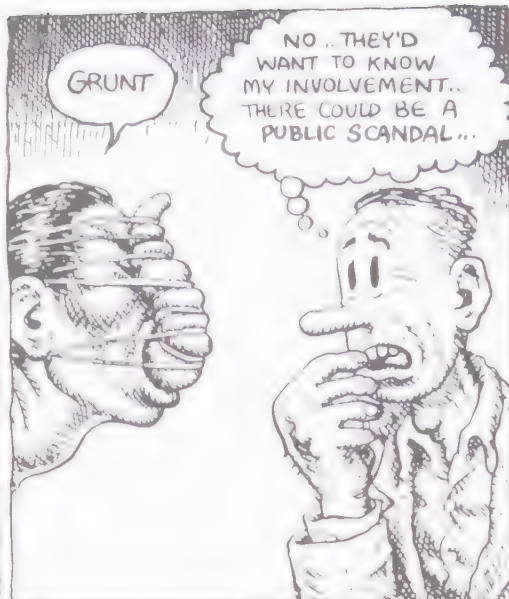
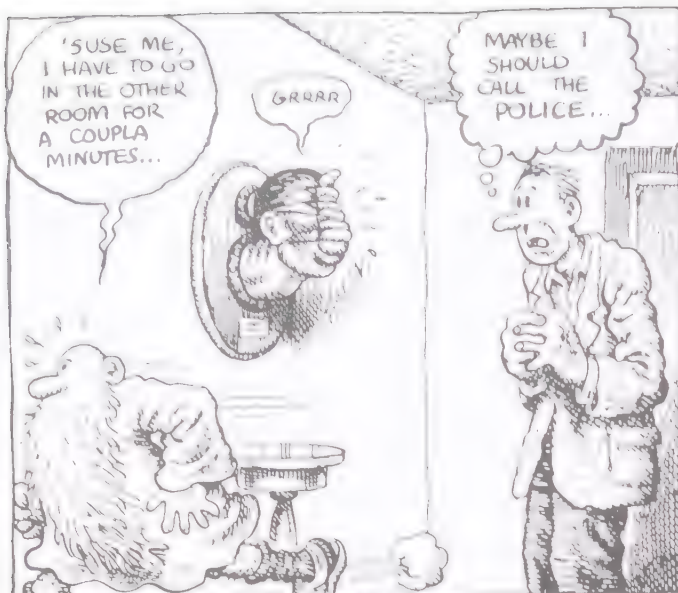




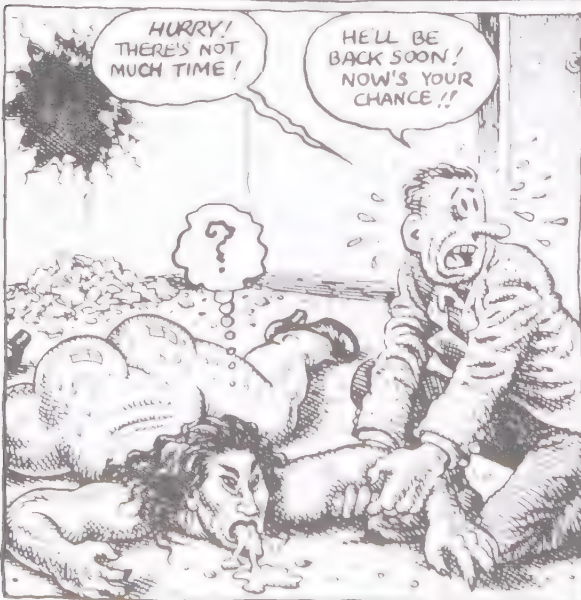
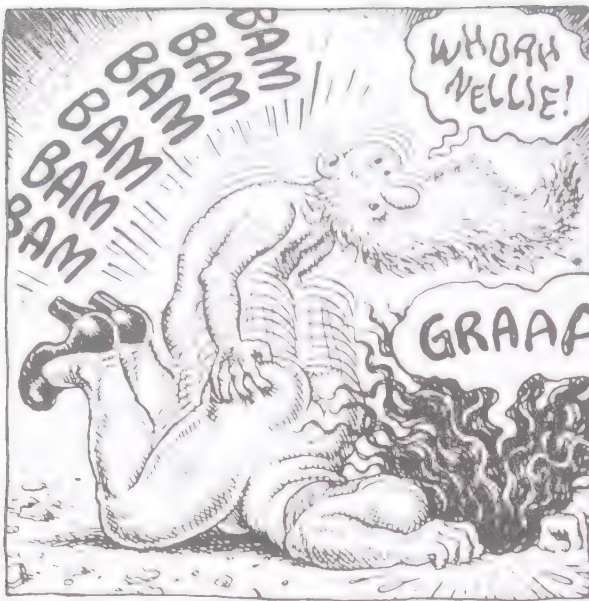




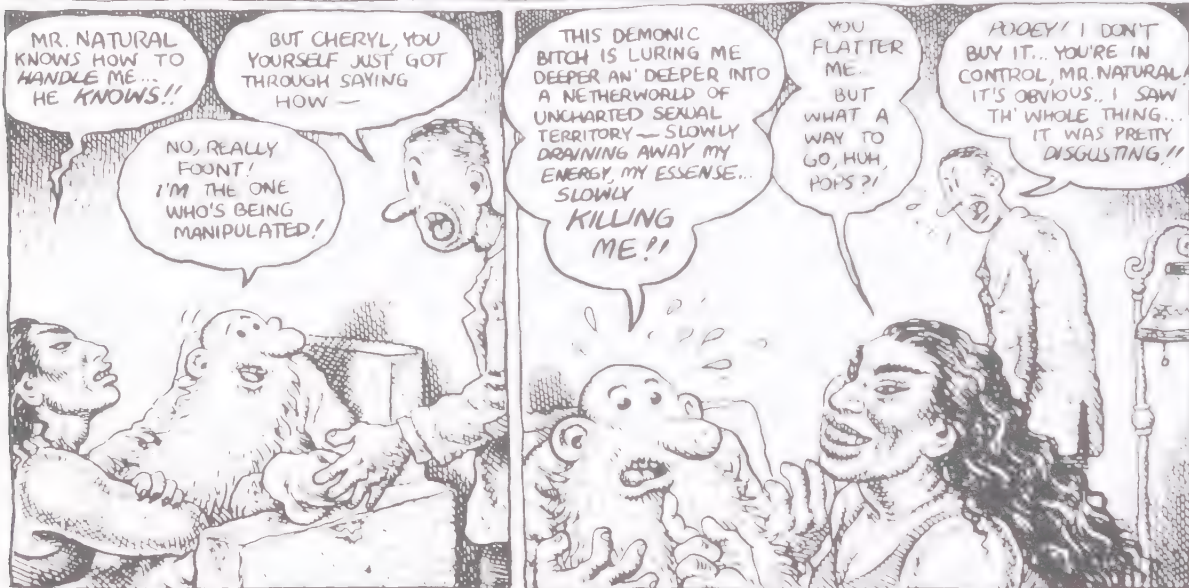
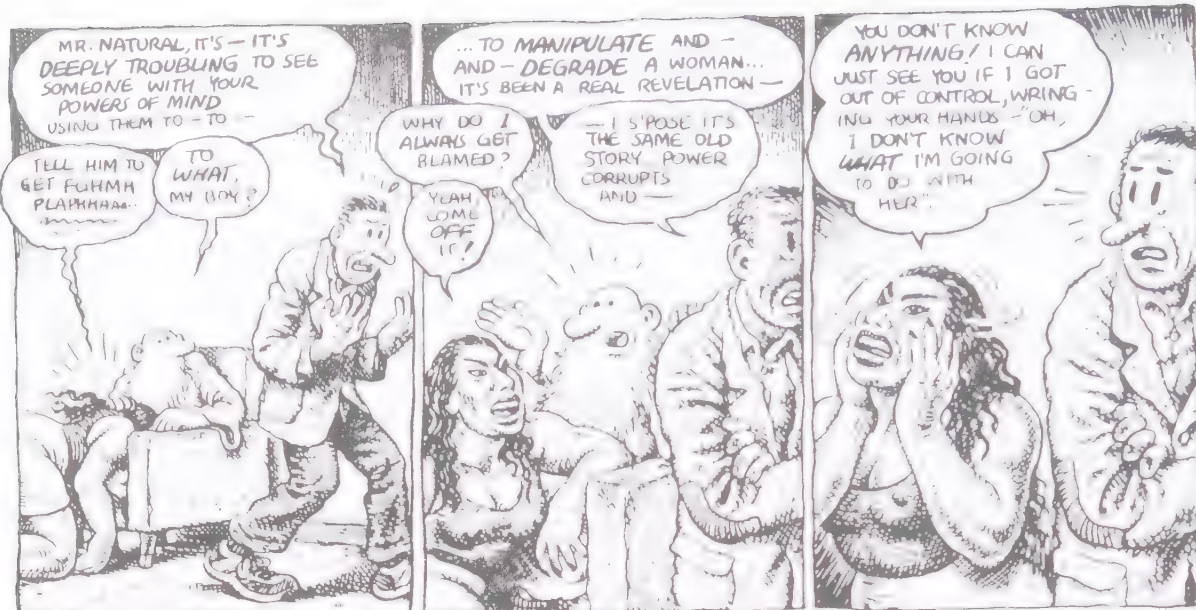






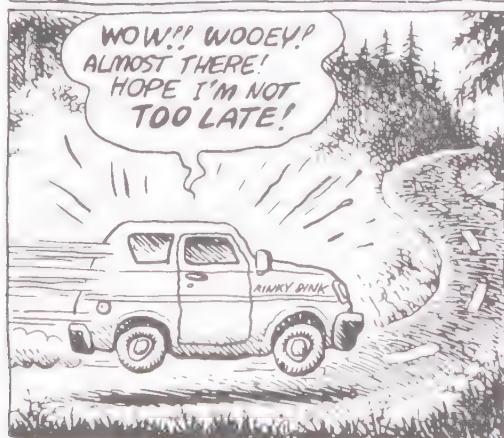
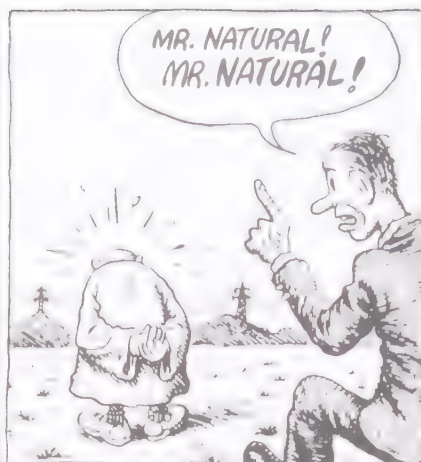






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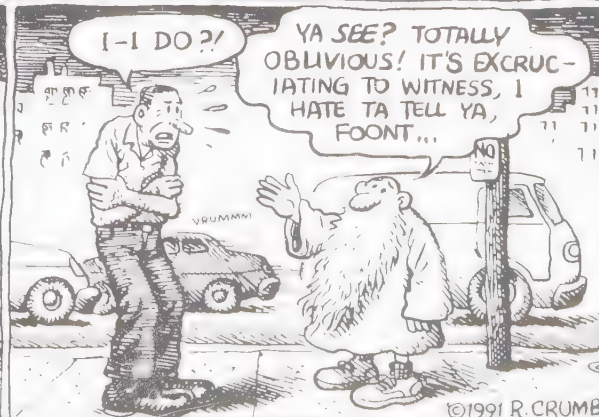
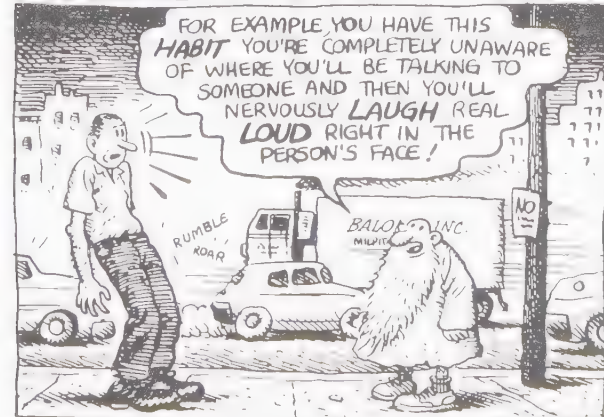
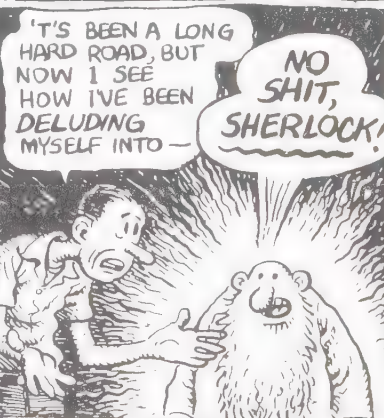
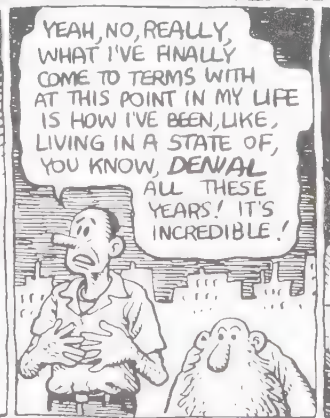
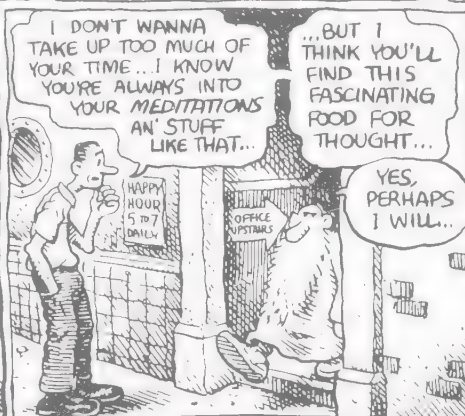
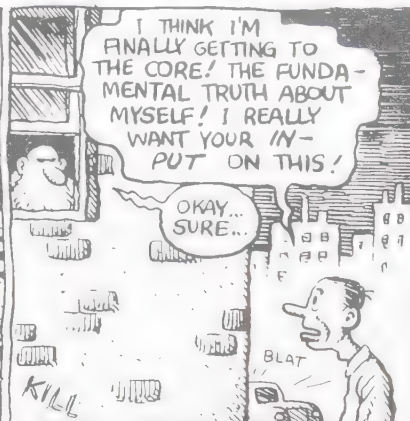




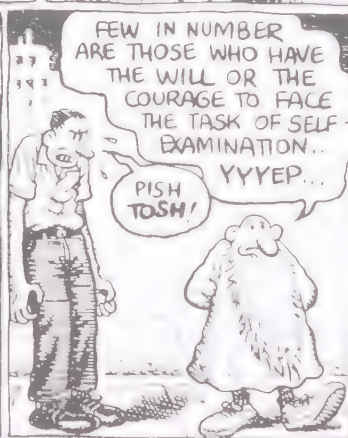
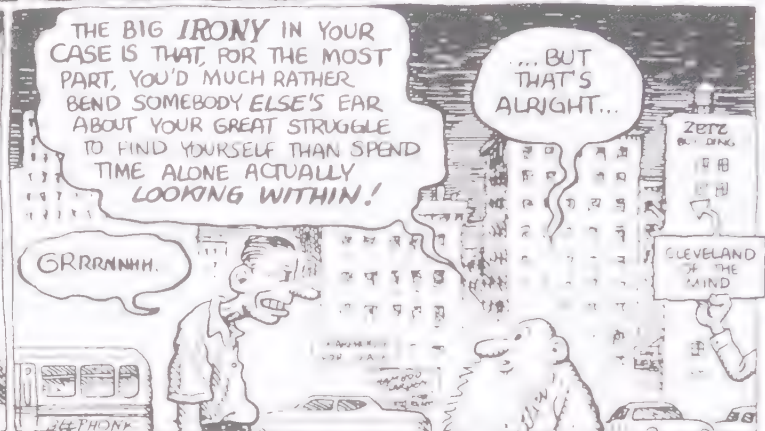
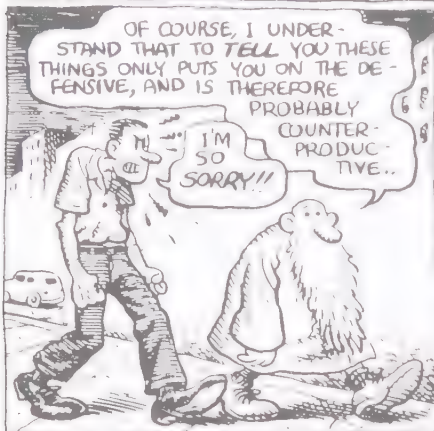
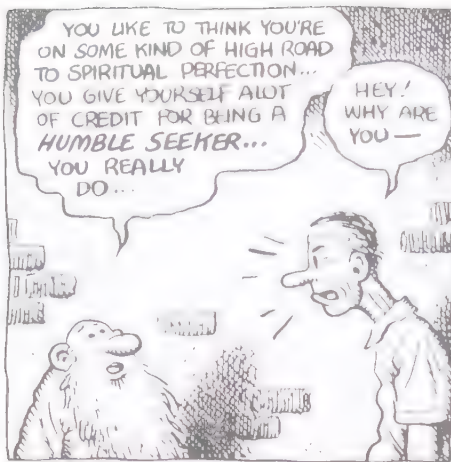
Mr. Natural

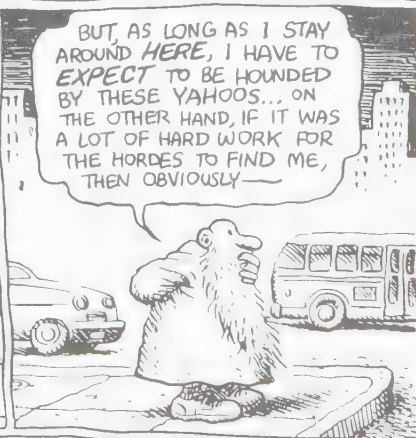
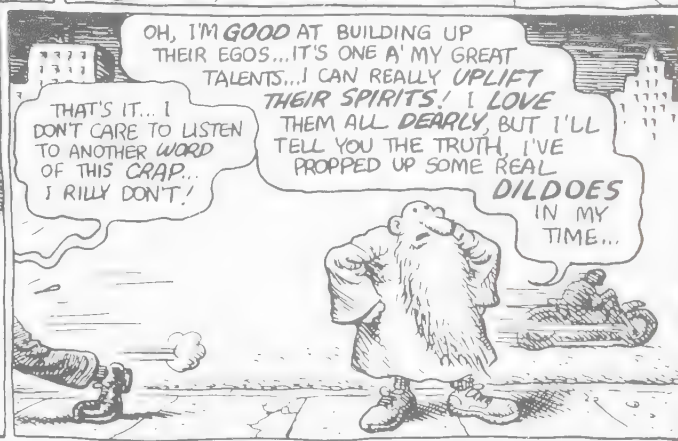
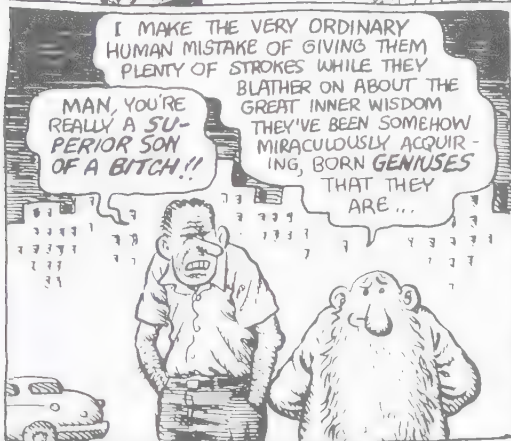
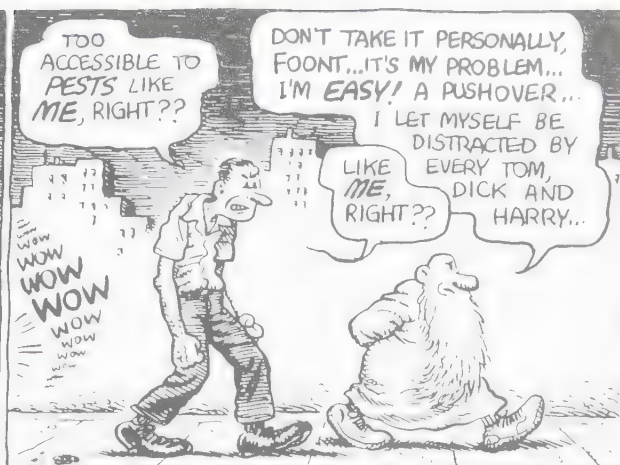
DISTRACTIONS DISTRACTIONS!!

SOMETIMES
HE JUST SITS
AND STARES.



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Mr. Natural & Flakey Foont

in

A BITCHIN' BOD'!

...AND FEATURING (SORT OF) DEVIL GIRL

A TRAGIC TALE OF LOVE AND THE DARKNESS OF THE

R CRUMB '91

FLAKEY FOONT IS "HARD" AT WORK IN HIS OFFICE!

SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR!!!

HEY FLAKEY! CHECK THIS OUT, MAN!!

MR. NATURAL! WHAT TH—

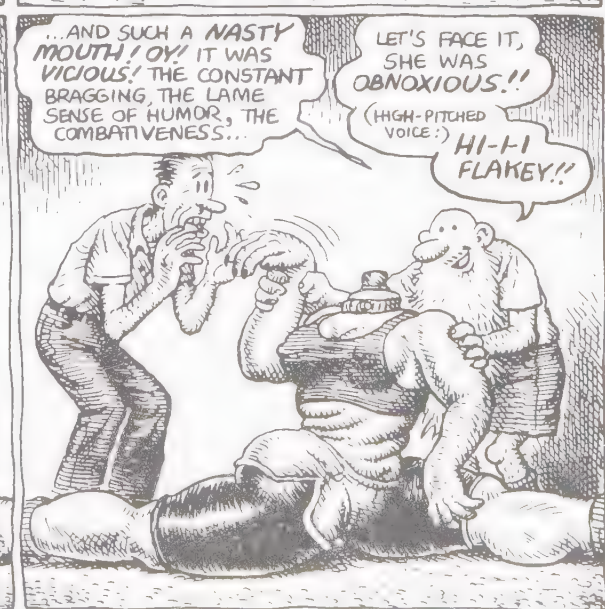
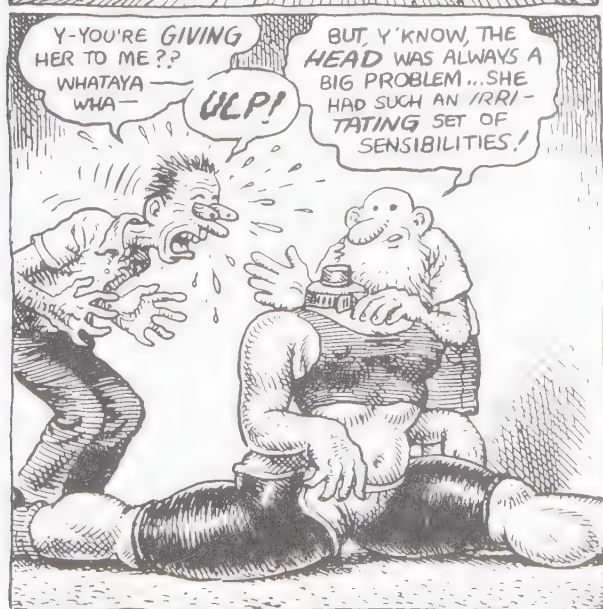
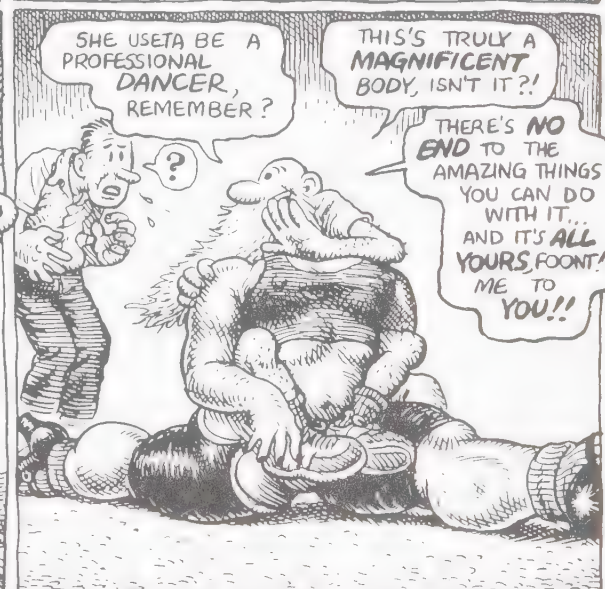
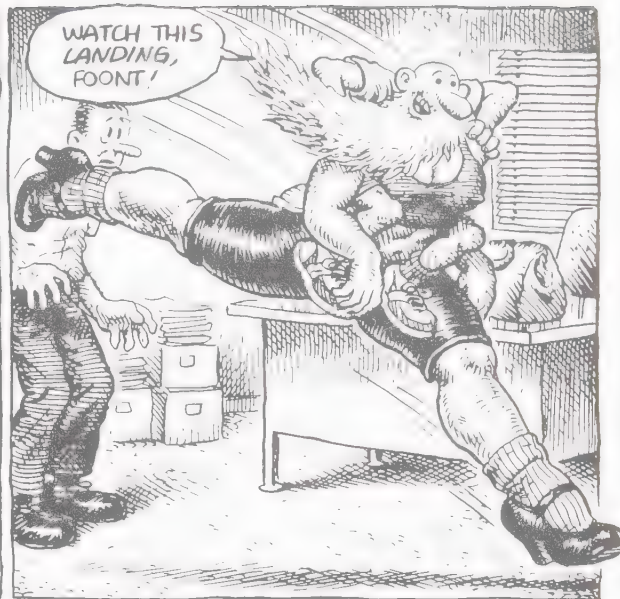
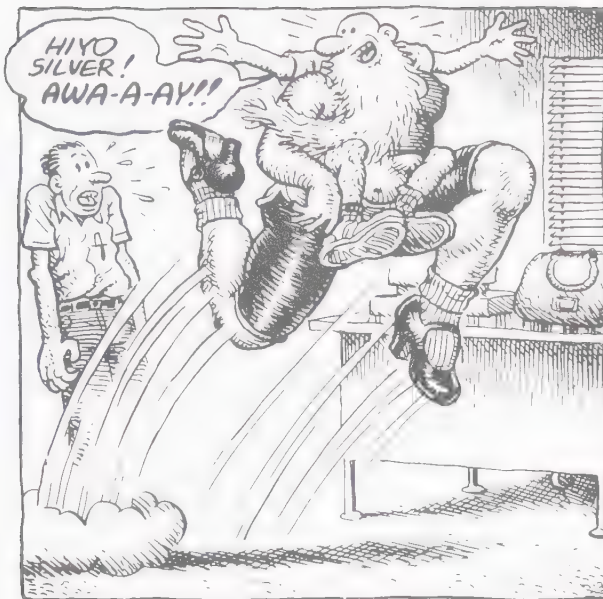
THAT LOOKS LIKE LIKE —

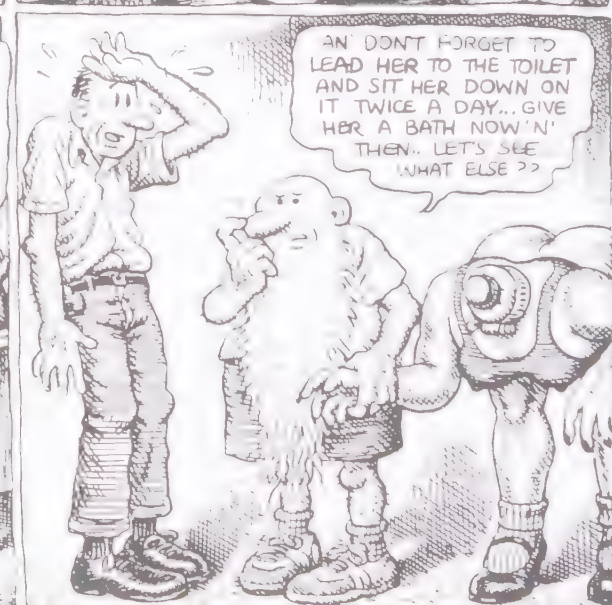
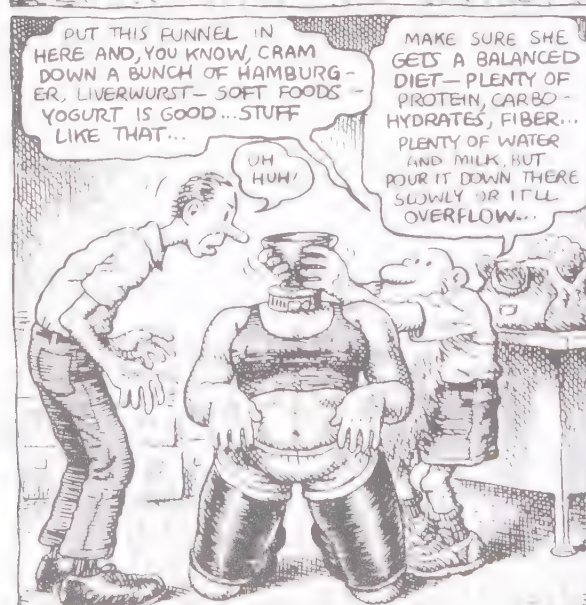
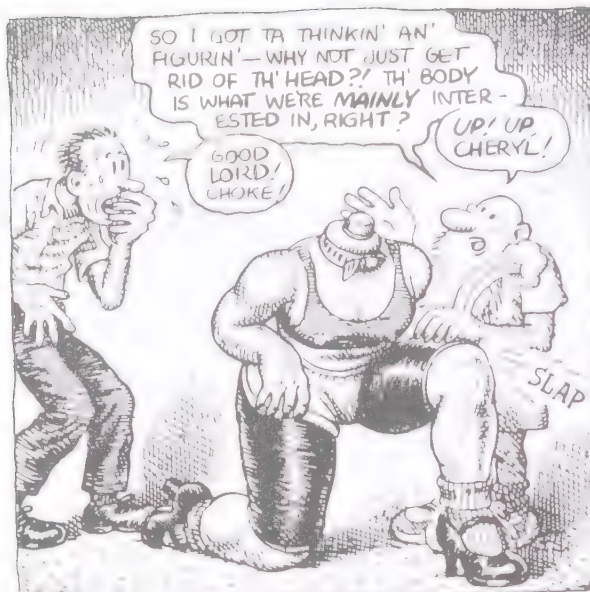
GIDDYUP!

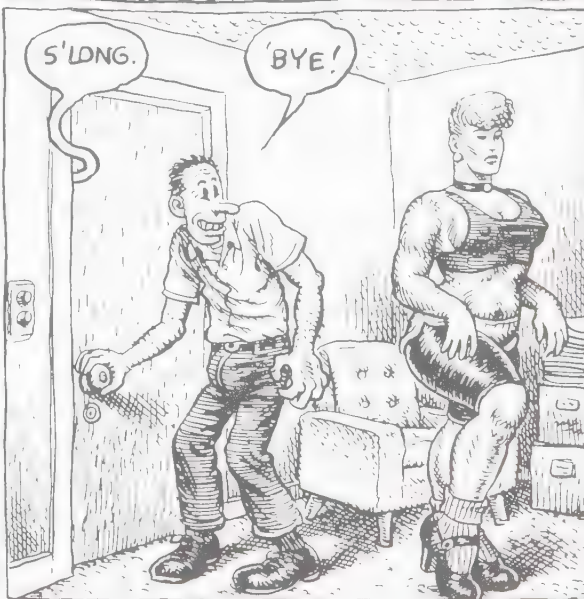
HYAAH!

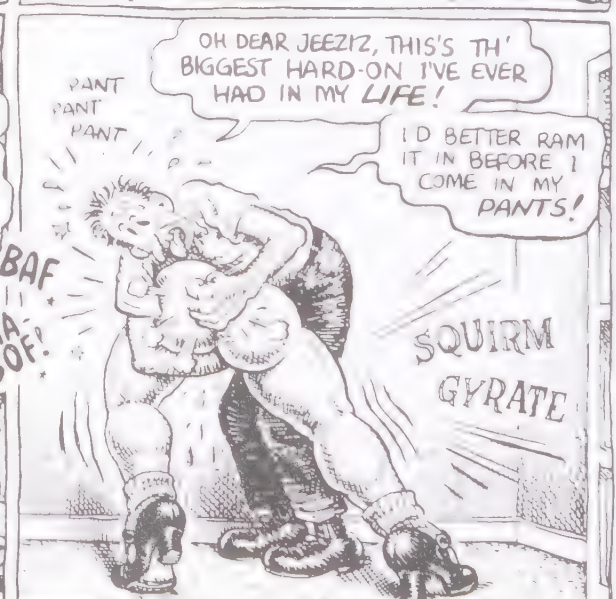
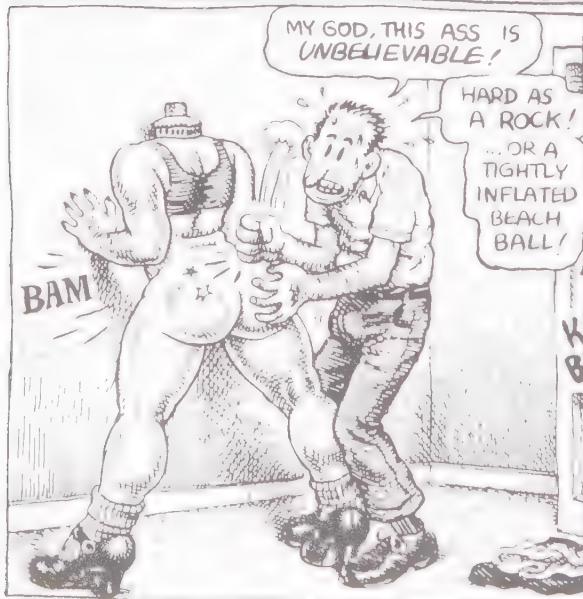
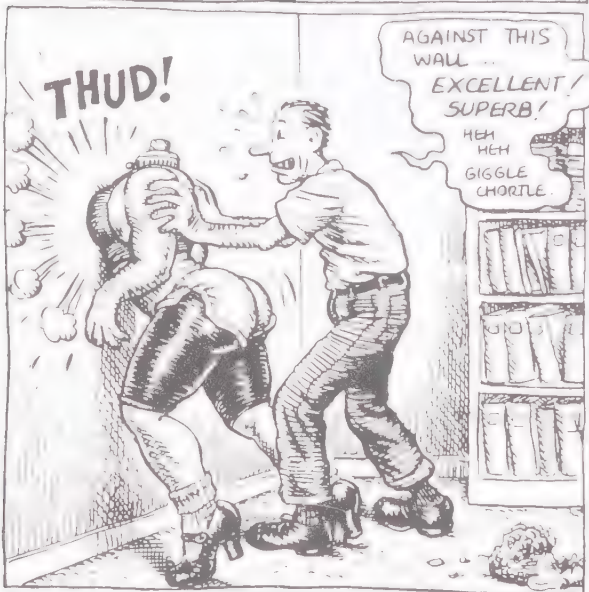
BUT WHERE'S HER — ?

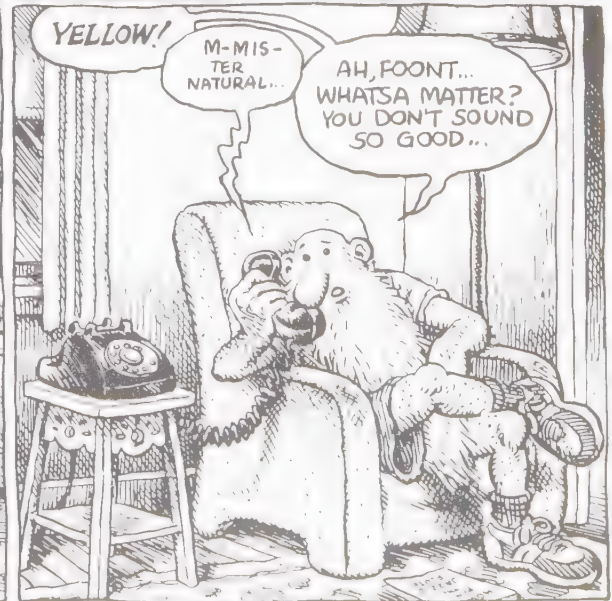
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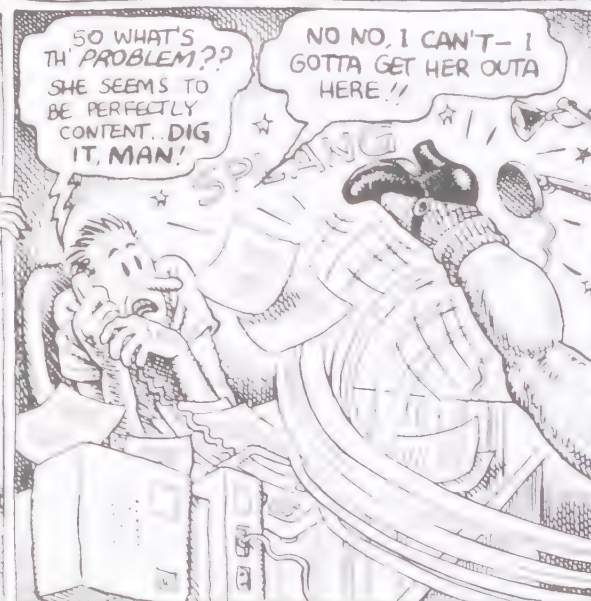
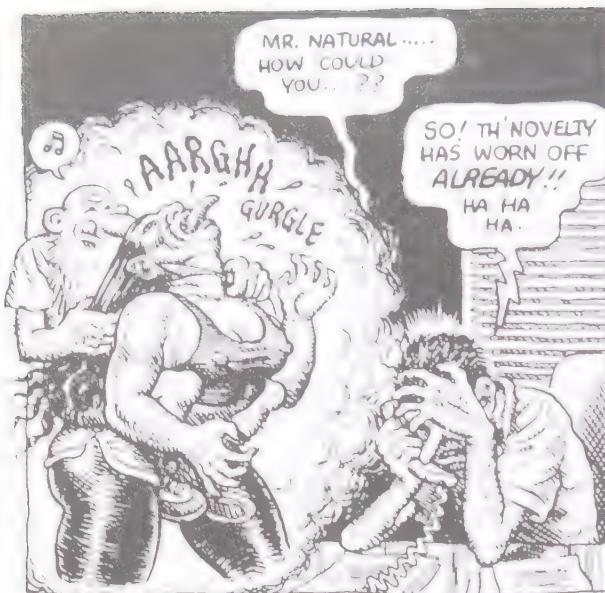


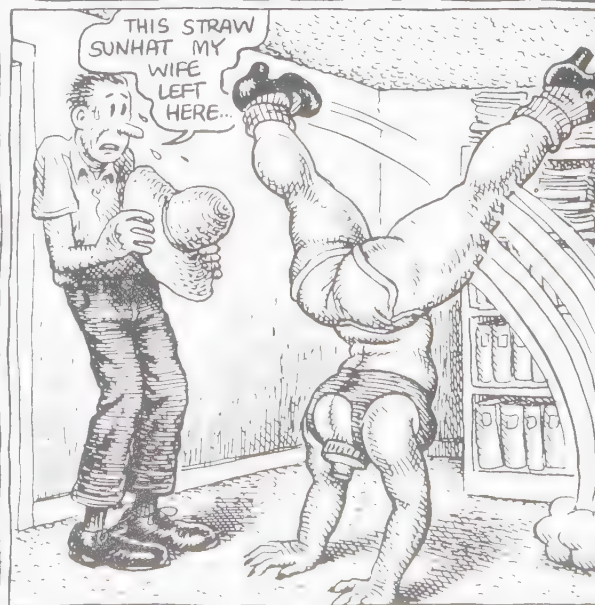


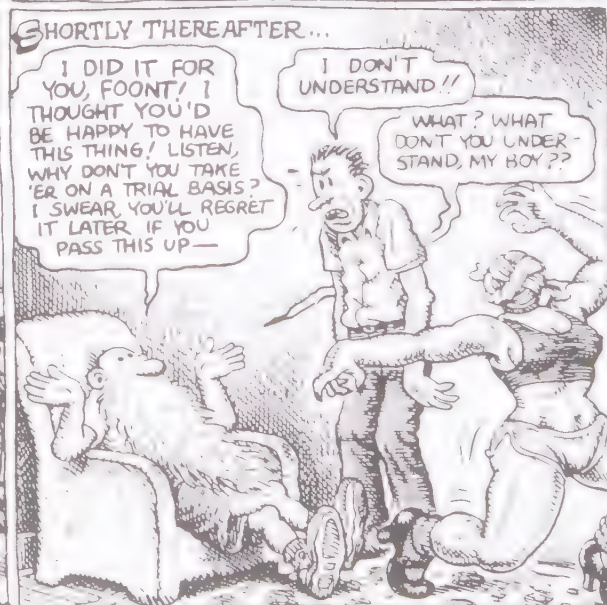
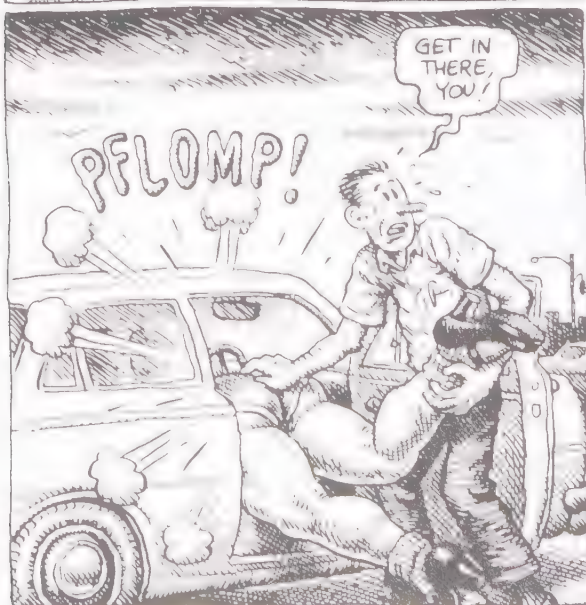
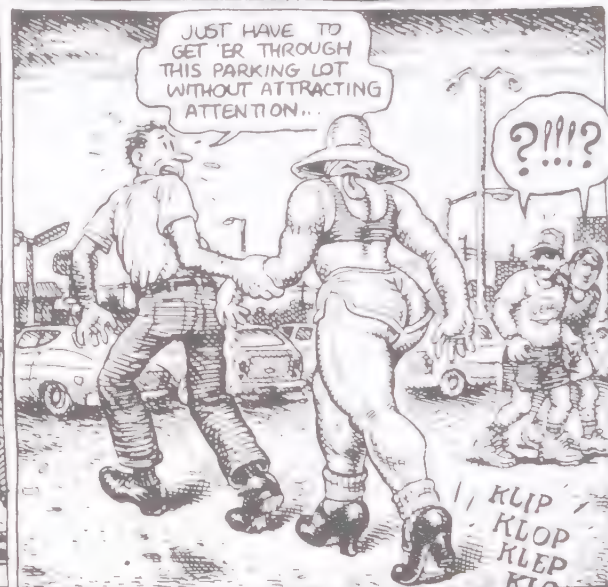
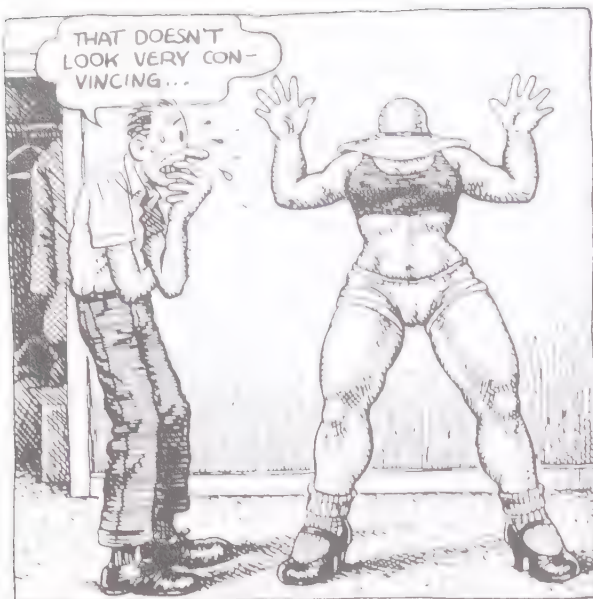


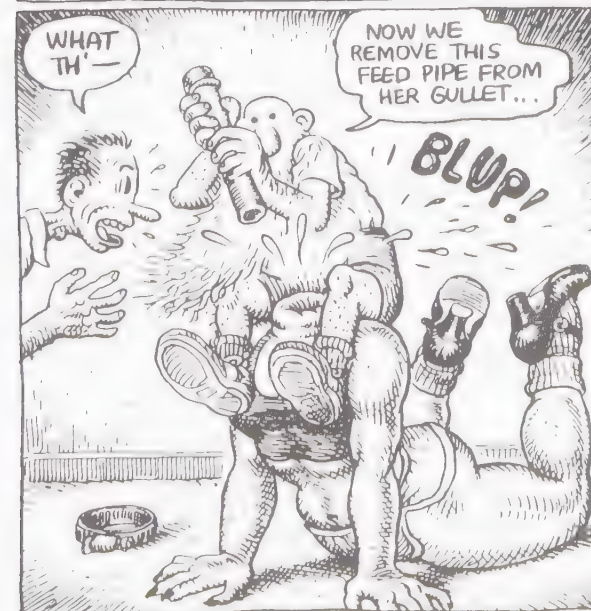
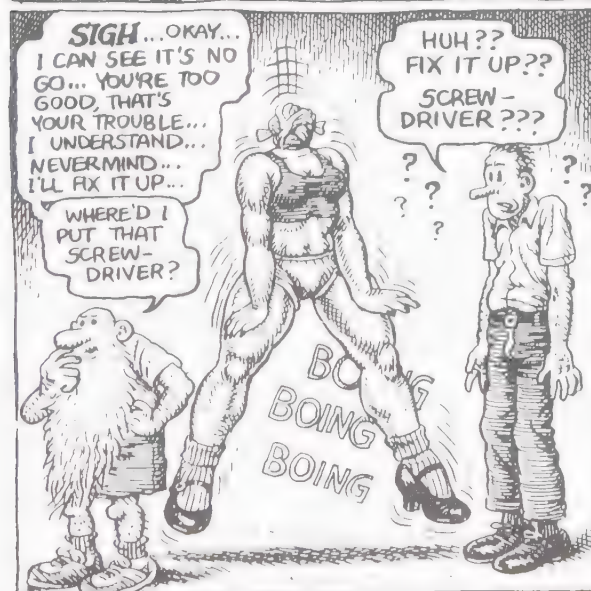
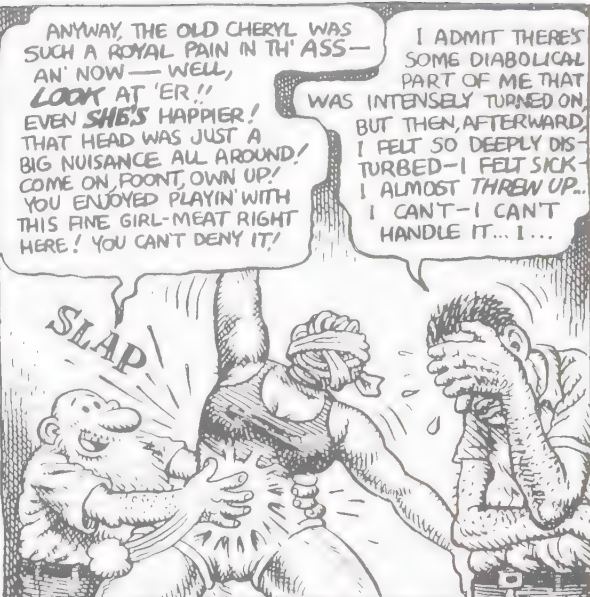
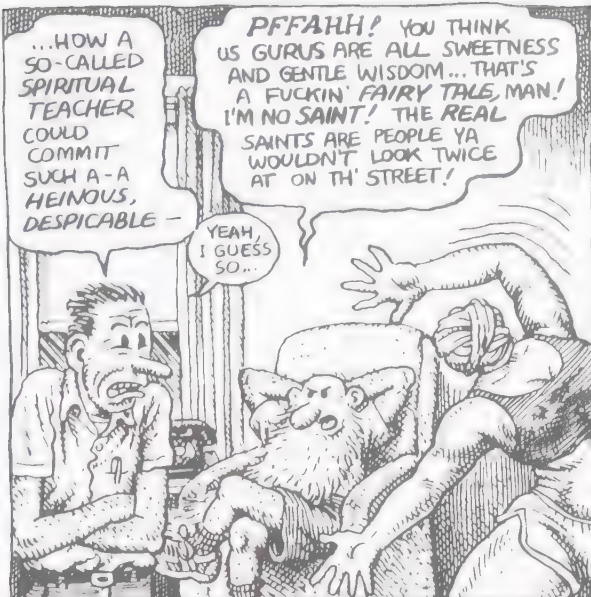


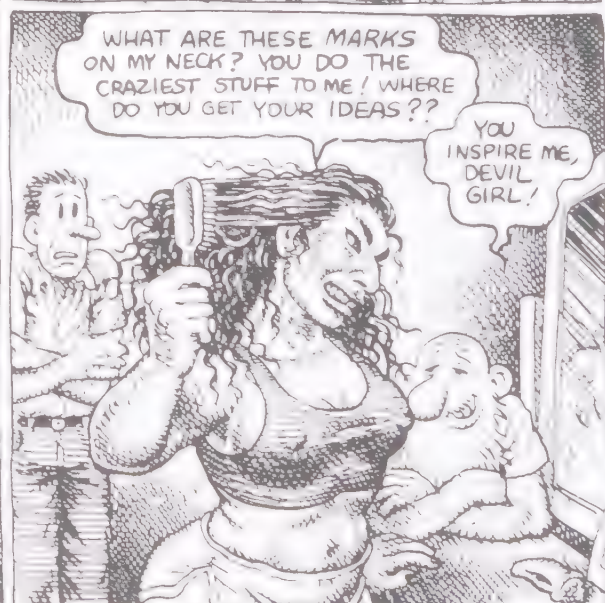
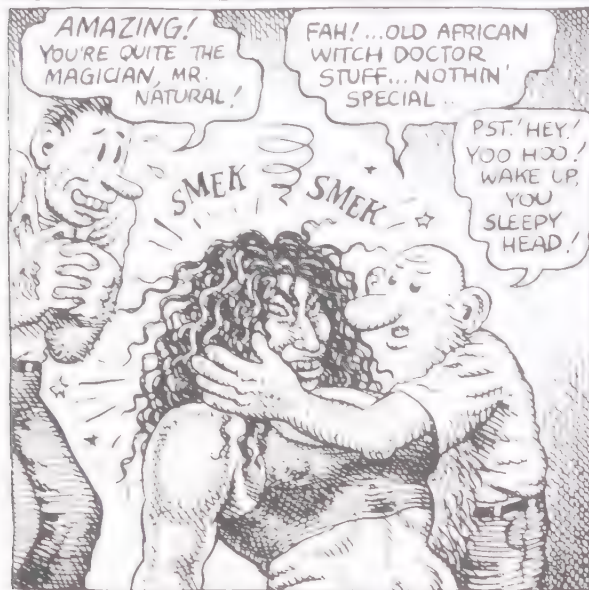


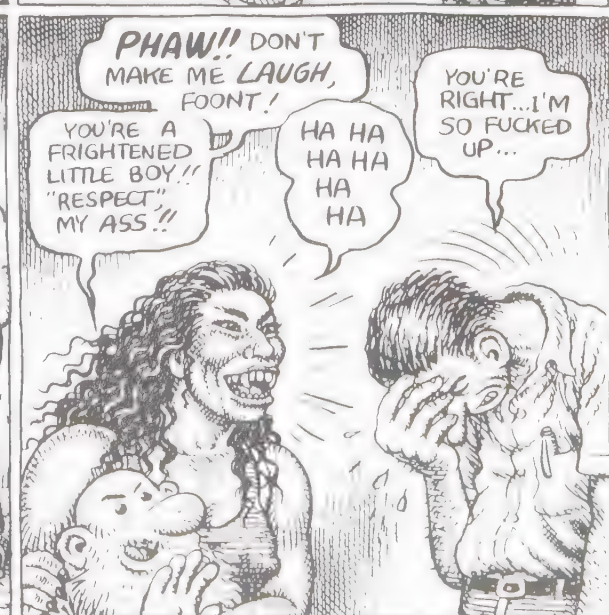


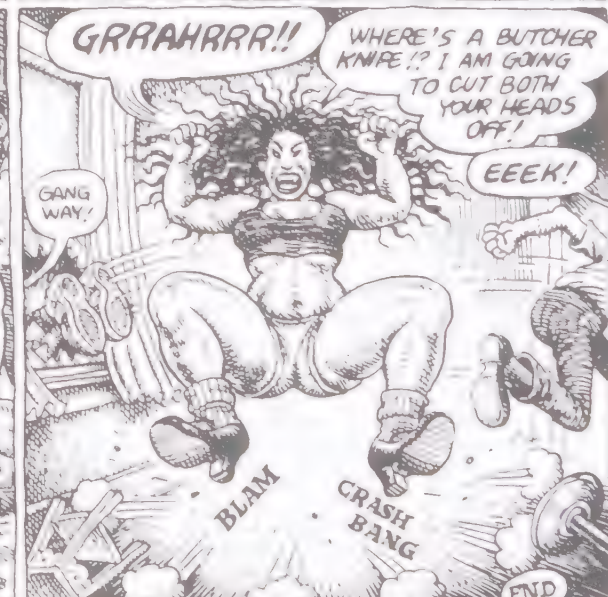














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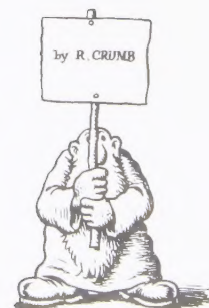
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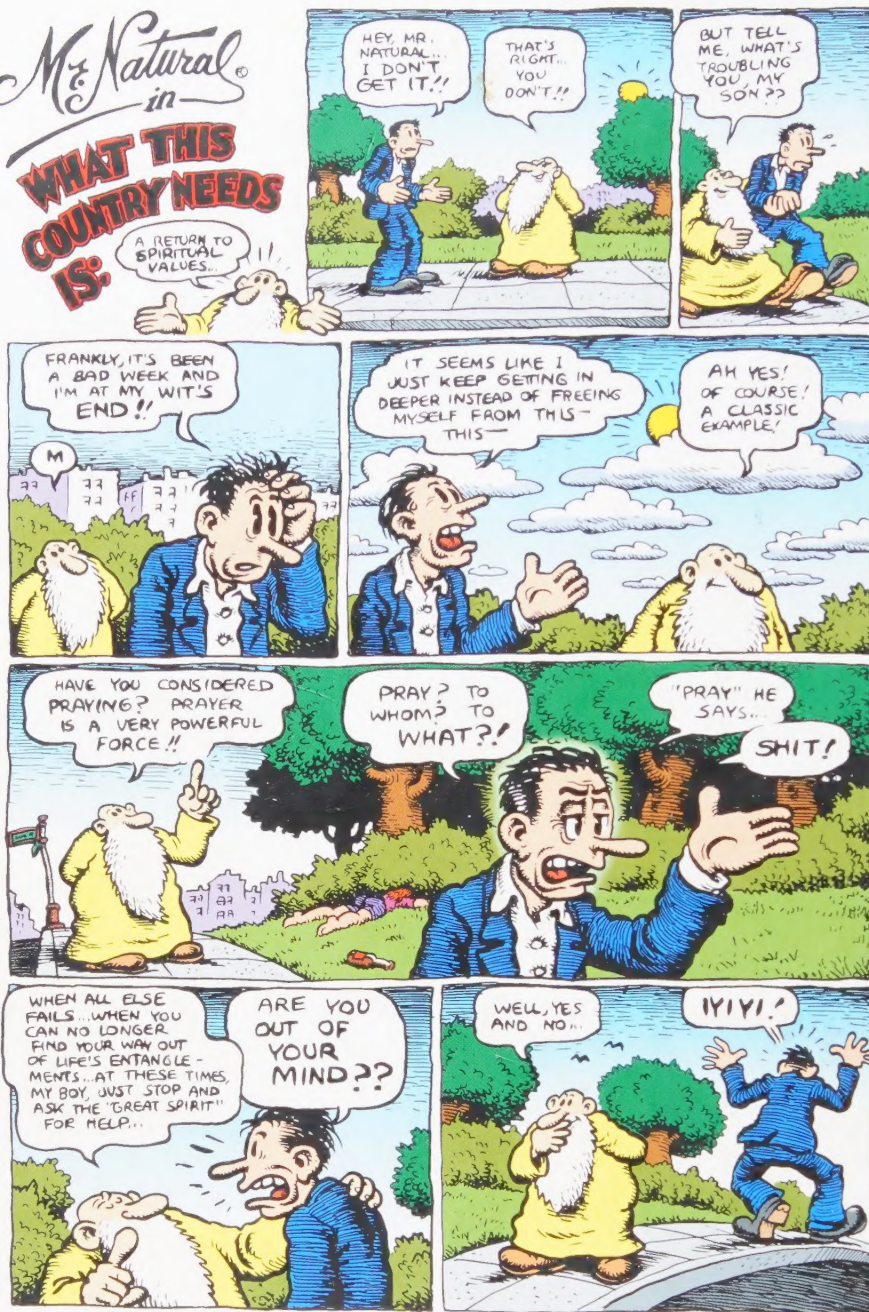


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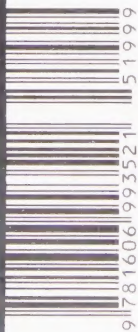
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